THE

KUMBAKONAM COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

JOURNAL

Special Supplement.

Vol. III.

JULY No. 2

1918.

Printed at the ALEXANDRA PRESS,

EAST KADALANGUDI STREET,

KUMBAKONAM.

The Kumbakonam College Literary Society.

President :—R. M. STATHAM Esq., M.A.,
Secretary :—V. SANTANAM.

PROGRAMME, 1918–1919.

Long Term.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

September, India a few years hence.
Mr. S. Rajam III Class.

,, Debate.
Is the present system of education conducive to progress?
Opener:–Mr. C. V. Krishnamurti Rao III Class.
Opposer:–Mr. N. Ramachandaran II Class.

October. The treatment of Nature by English poets as compared with Indian Poets.
Mr. C. V. Krishnamurti Rao III Class.

,, Debate.
"The East is East and the West is West
And never the twain shall meet".
Opener:–Mr. V. S. Narayanasami II Class.
Opposer:–Mr. M. K. Nambiar IV Class.

November. The Renaissance in India as heralded by Sir Rabindranath Tagore.
Mr. S. Krishnamurti III Class.

,, Debate.
Acceptance *versus* Rejection—Montague Cheslmsford Report.
Opener:–R. M. STATHAM Esq.
Opposer:–Mr. K. Ramachandaran IV Class.

December. Drama and Poetry in Ancient India.

Mr. N. Ramachandran II Class.

,, Debate.

Is a common Language for India possible?

Opener:–Mr. S. Krishnaswami III Class.

Opposer–Mr. S. Kunjithapatham III Class.

Short Term.

January. Debate.

Should Indian Women have votes?

Opener:–Mr. S. S. Narayanasami II Class.

Opposer:–Mr. S. Somasundaram III Class.

,, Debate.

Is communal representation for India desireable?

Opener:–Mr. S. K. Thiruvenkatachari, IV Class.

Opposer;–Mr. T. V. Srinivasan.

February. Is the teacher's profession the most remunerative in this World?

Opener:–R. M. STATHAM Esq.

Opposer:–Mr. S. K. Thiruvenkatachari IV Class.

,, G. K. Gokhale and Modern India.

Mr. B. Venkataraman II Class.

28th March Anniversary.

N. B.—Some extra-ordinary lectures will be arranged for.

विहाय कामान्यः सर्वान्पुमांश्चरति निः स्पृहः ।
निर्ममो निरहङ्कारः स शान्तिमधिगच्छति ॥

श्रीमद्भगवद्गीत.

“ Man is his own star and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.”

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

“ The proseperity of a country depends not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings ; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightement and character ; here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power.’

MARTIN LUTHER.

“ Never denationalise yourself, never blush to own that you are Hindus, and neaver barter the influence which you possess among your countrymen and which you may exercise for their good, for the paltry vanities of dress or taste.”

Sir T. MUTHUSAMI IYER.

The Journal
of
The Kumbakonam College Literary Society.

Vol. III] JULY [No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

An eminent visitor to the College, the other day, asked the following question "What does this College stand for? What intellectual or social force? What is its influence on the town?"

Many obvious replies could have been given, that the College stood for higher learning and culture, that the College was busy enough in its everyday work without worrying to stand for anything in the town, etc, etc, but still the question rankles. Why should not the College stand for some high ideal? Take Social Reform. Social Reform has been preached on every platform in India for over half a century, yet it is no nearer a reality than it was 50 years ago. In some ways we are further from Social Reform now since modern nationalism has complicated the question and called upon true patriots to return to the social customs of their ancestors. In Kumbakonam there is a Social Service League, but, without wishing to slander its members, it is difficult to see for what ideals in society it is fighting. And it is also difficult to find any of its members who practise its doctrines in every day life. Kumbakonam is a peculiar town. It is a town of great intellects and at the same time a town of great conservatism. With the result that, there is a great divergence between

conservative belief and everyday practice. Being a home of advanced education there is a natural tendency towards social reform, and at the same time, being a home of orthodoxy there is a natural tendency towards conservative practice, with the result that while educated men preach the gospel of social reform, elders insist on at least the outward appearance of orthodoxy and unorthodoxy exists in abundance in shameful secrecy.

In answer to the question of our visitor, why should the College not stand for true Social Reform ?

Social reform does not mean the growing of one's hair in western style or the wearing of a coat and trousers.

Social Reform means, if we dare hesitate a definition, the realisation of the degenerate practices of the community, and the cutting away of all hindrances to the development of a noble civilisation.

Let us enumerate some of the factors which are usually alleged to be antagonistic to the development of true civilisation.

The maintenance of untouchables.
Pre-puberty marriages,
Permanent widowhood,
Lack of female education,
The dowry system,
Superstitious insanitation.

If as a College we could be convinced that the above were really and truly the enemies of good progress for our country, then it would indeed be a noble aim to stand for their overthrow and defeat. But are we convinced of their evil ? So easy is it to criticise and so difficult is it to replace existing structures by constructive reforms.

Let us examine each heading in turn. First the maintenace of the untouchables. In every community there are bound to exist caste distinctions, it is not expected that a man with a totally different upbringing should closely consort with, we will say, a labourer, but there is a great

difference between the maintenance of a reasonable separation of social life between one caste and another and the holding of an individual at 10 yards distance for fear of pollution as in the West Coast to-day. Do we as educated members of the College really believe that it is in the best nterests of the advancement of this country to consider that millions of its peoples are only fit to stand at a considerable distance from others of its people? The assumption is surely childish and only tenable in the light of an extreme desire not to abandon a system which in the past undoubtedly had its part to play in the devolopment of the nation.

Take the case of pre-puberty marriages. What are the reasons which compel a parent in Kumbakonam to marry his daughter before puberty? First social custom is so strong that his family is outcast if he does not do so, And secondly husbands are so scarce within a particular sect that if you do not secure a bridegroom for your daughter at a sufficiently early age you run the risk of securing no suitable bridegroom at all or of paying a ruinously high price. But supposing we eliminate the social reason, supposing custom permitted post-puberty marriage, is there any valid reason why Indian Girls should be married so young? If there is not, then in the light of cold logic we are sacrificing Indian girls to a social fetish. What are the facts? The most fertile age for a woman in marriage is from 17 to 25 according to medical opinion in the west, allowing for the differnce in the age of attaining puberty, the Indian Girl should be most fertile as a mother between the ages of about 15 to 23. If therefore our present social system tends to such a marriage age we have nothing to complain of, but does it?

It is often represented that although the Hindoo marriage system generally marries girls before the age of 12 or 13 this is only a marriage in name, and the consummation does not take place until a year or two later. This is perfectly true, but what are the consequences of the first

marriage ? In actual practice it is far more insidious than the consummation marriage since it is legally binding and yet unproductive of either marital pleasure or progeny. It throws on to the community a large group of comparatively useless females, neither productive for society nor conducive to personal happiness.

On the other hand, even if the girl is married in the nuptial sense at a not too early age she is almost always married to a mere boy who in the interests of his education and further life should not have been saddled with either the physical strain or the responsibilities of married life. Actually in practice many girls of the upper classes are, in Kumbakonam, mothers before they are fifteen, an age which no medical authority could possible justify with the result that the already disastrously high infantile mortality rate is added to. It is sometimes alleged that early marriages are myths of the social reformers. The following figures from the last census should be a sufficient reply.

In every thousand Hindoos between the ages of 0 and 5 there were 10 males married and 18 females. Between the ages of 5 and 10 there were 48 males and 182 females married. This is not an absolute figure, but in every thousand, so that the number of females in all India who run the risk of permanent child widowhood amounts to many many thousands. And child-widowhood has been proved to reduce the birth rate, tend to immorality and disease, and cause endless unhappiness. That as the result of the present system great evils have arisen cannot be denied. Female infanticide, abortion and foeticide are common. In 1870 the Government of India had to legislate to counteract the baneful effects of the system among the Rajputs In the United Provinces in seven villages inhabited by Rajputs there were 104 boys to 1 girl, and in nine other villages 71 boys to 7 girls. The further quotation of statistics might weary the reader, but every known evidence goes to prove that the mortality rate of children is proportionately higher as the mother is younger between the ages of 15 and 25.

If every student of the College refused to marry a girl, marry in the nuptial sense, under 15 or 16, then the College would stand for high Social reform ideal indeed. Permanent widowhood is the next on the list. What are the arguments against Widow remarriage ?

Dr. Rajan lecturing to the college last year said that since it was hard enough already to marry girls, widows should not enter into the lists in competition with unmarried girls. We admit the force of the argument since female births in India according to the last census outnumber male births by 103 to 100, but seeing that the child widow is, with the exception of a ceremony, in every way the same as a girl, and seeing that she has neither shared in the productivencss of the country nor in marital happiness then there seems little reason for classing her apart from the general female population needing husbands. Few we think can deny that it is purely a matter of sentiment that prevents a young and innocent girl partakingof her birthright and helping in the upkeep and preservation of her race.

Lack of female education.

Do we want our women-folk to be well educated or not?

The Women's Colleges at Madras are over-crowded, and as far as experience can judge there is an ever increasing demand for well educated brides. Why then should we play with the subject ? Either Indian women should be relegated to the home and trained only in domestic arts or they should be educated to understand not only their husbands' mission in life but the great world around them. Social reform has chosen the latter ideal with no uncertain voice. Professor Karve's appeal for funds for Indian women's education was received with acclamation throughout the Empire. Let us at any rate be honest and support if we think right the higher education of Indian women. A nation cannot progress one-sidedly, the women are the mothers and educators of the men and as such need development along with the men of their country.

Honest social reformers among our students will be

proud of a wife who not only studies Sanskrit but speaks English and can follow her husbands' aspirations and discussions. Social reform in this issue does not mean votes for women and the unsexing of women as it has unfortunately sometimes meant of late in the west, but means the betterment of the power and vital force of the Indian mother in the growth of the Indian nation.

The prices paid for bride-grooms taken from this College have steadily risen during the last five years. This is surely a matter which student social reformers could with comparative ease and a little self-sacrifice rectify. It is not matter for bigotry. We are well aware that when a bride's father can afford to give a dowry it is only fitting that he should do so. It is also natural and reasonable that when a student is too poor to continue his studies without aid he should look if need be to his father-in-law, if wealthy enough, to help him, but every one knows that the dowry system in every day practice leads to many abuses. Delicacy does not permit us to give examples, but examples there must be in the minds of every one of us.

What we have called superstitious insanitation must also be well understood by all our readers. The cleansing of the body in the same water that we drink, the reliance at times of disease on unboiled water, and the neglect of proper precautions at times of death from plague, small-pox etc., are common happenings in Kumbakonam. It is not necessary to go out into the world as a preacher to become a reformer. The need for reform is at our doorsteps. This ancient seat of learning should surely lead the way.

The statistics quoted above were taken from "The slaughter of the Innocents."

We cannot close this editorial without a word of most cordial thanks to our sub-editors, without whose constant stimulus the journal would never have been published. The editor is, as we hope all know, very busy and the major portion of the work has fallen on the shoulders of the Sub-Editors, to whom all credit is due.

THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT

BY

LILIAN LOVELETTA

(All rights reserved.)

[Synopsis of the last two instalments:—Kumaran, the son of Balsivan, the lord of Mabaral, is foiled in his attempt to carry off the beauteous farmer girl, Sarojini, by the timely valour of a stranger youth.

Sahadev, the stranger, employed the next day, as a clerk by Balsivan, eventually falls in love with the maiden and marries her.

Kumaran, not cured of his fascination for Sarojini, seeks, the aid of a reputed outcaste woman Kamala, at the instance of his booncompanions Karman and Keshab. Kamala succeeds in trapping Sarojini into her house, on the night previous to that of the wedding of Kumaran with the renowned Liela of Ragmar.

Sarojini, unable to bear a dishonoured life, resolves to die; but is snatched from suicide by her aged father Mahadev.]

CHAPTER XIII.

ON the morning of the same day, on which the events related in the last chapter occurred, two youths were wending their way on the route to Nandanpoor. It was not a metalled road they had to measure, but a narrow footpath, rugged and shingly, winding here and there, now climbing hills, now arched by bushes, and now open to the burning rays of the tropical sun.

After a couple of miles from Mabaral, the path turned on to the side of a hill which was covered with long brown-tinted grass interspersed with green bushes and slender trees. The panorama unfolded to the travellers from that spot was picturesque to the extreme, and arrested the attention of one of the two.

Four hills, parted from each other sloped on four sides, each rounding off at the base, and gave birth to four valleys of green luscious fields joining together in the middle in one vast lake of green. But the beauty was enhanced by a fifth hill rising in the centre of the lake, like a castle-like cloud in the azure sky. Those hills were so singularly symmetrical that even the delicate contours of the backs were almost identical. They were neither bare nor rugged; but covered with thick foliage which sparkled with the lustre and form of moonlight ripples in a distant sea.

Finding his companion lost in the admiration of nature's art, one of them said.

"You have a poet's fancy, my friend Sahadev; and though, I confess, the scenery is enchanting I have not observed it before, even though I have passed by a good number of times."

"It may be quite true, Keshab," said Sahadev. "You might have seen this many times, and yet your attention might not have dwelt on it. You have seen this beautiful spot many times, and yet you have not!"

"Really it is a wonder how it can have escaped my notice. Now I do admire the scenery; and its beauty grows more and more on me. Yet it is all the more curious how we see a thing and yet not see it."

"There is nothing curious about it," remarked Sahadev with a laugh, "Don't you see many children reading *slokas* of Kalidasa without understanding a bit."

"Oh! all this is above my comprehension," said Keshab, "I know to hold my plough, but I don't know *sloka* or anything else. But, you, my dear Sahadev, are intended for great things Why should you waste your life on writing accounts and keeping ledgers!"

"Well, well, there was a time when I saw dreams of fame and glory; but those days are gone!" replied Sahadev with a tinge of sorrow in his tone.

"Excuse me Sahadev, if I tell you that your person and maners have always inspired an interest in me. You have a noble cast of countenance; and yet there is at times a shade of sorrow on it. There is some mystery about you, which draws me to you in sympathy. You must have seen better days. Your breeding betrays it. If I do not pain you, by the question, tell me what you were."

"Of course I have seen better days in point of wealth; and though there is no more a mother's love to gladden my heart, yet I have found comfort in my home at Mabaral, and happiness in my sweet wife"

"Nay, nay, I question not your domestic felicity at present; but am I impertinent in asking you about your life before coming to Mabaral, or do you doubt the sincerity of my heart?" asked Keshab, as if grieved at the previous reply.

"Do not mistake me Keshab. The relation between us has always been cordial; far from having a doubt on the sincerity of your motives in asking me the question, it was only the painful association connected with the incidents of my past life, that made me avoid the subject."

"Pray, pardon me if I have touched a sensitive chord in your heart. We shall turn to some other subject—say on the purchases we have to make at Nandanpoor for our young lord's wedding."

"Never mind, my dear Keshab. Though there is sorrow in the narration of misfortunes, yet the heart is unburdened. Listen! My father belonged to an aristocratic and wealthy family; In his youth he was sent to a college; and though he was remarkably intelligent, the caresses of his parents made him neglect his books, ultimately with the result that he returned home without a degree, on the plea of illness. In idleness some years passed, and the same desultory life continued after his marriage. In the meantime the mismanagement of the estate by a dishonest steward involved the family in debt."

"Did the steward show you no cause of running into debt?" asked Keshab.

"Oh! yes, that he did. The family, it appears, was always involved in civil suits about boundaries, and, sometimes, portions of the estate. The cost of these suits was indeed heavy; and eventually the family ran into debt."

"And the debts were easily cleared, I believe!" said Keshab.

"They were; but it killed my grand father to see the whole estate sold out!" he stopped.

Keshab remained silent.

"Well, my father set about to find a living. Without much difficulty he got a clerk-ship in a Government Office; and once more he lead a happy life. Though the income was moderate, he changed his habits and began to lay by a little. After some time I was born; and though every care was taken to make me happy, my father died in my child-hood, and left me to my mother, with the small money he had saved."

"How sorrowful!" said Keshab.

"She was a brave woman. Though beset with difficulties, she successfully battled them, and by her frugality and knitting, she gave me a decent education. I had scarcely completed my secondary school course, when she too joined my father leaving me alone in this world" and a sob escaped from his heart.

"To continue; for some years the earnings of my mother, and the investment of my father kept me on. But soon the crash came in the shape of the bankruptcy of the company in which the money was laid; and I was thrown on my own resources. I became a teacher; but finding it hard to manage with the small income, I determined to take service under some nobleman in a village. I came to Mabaral, the rest you know"

"Your story is so touching, and so pathetic, that it moves tears in my eyes. Dearest Sahadev, I swear eternal friendship to you, and do not doubt that I share your sorrow."

"Thanks, many thanks, my dear Keshab; and have no fear, I reciprocate your feelings."

At about four in the noon they reached the town of Nandanpoor. As they neared the main thoroughfares hot blasts of dust rising from the roads blew towards them, swallowing and swallowed up in its march. Nor were they the only victims. The aspen leaves overhead shadowing the fringes of the road, and fluttering nervously as if bewailing the conjested atmosphere of the town had lost their lustre into the dull hue of the dust. The whitewashed walls of the houses and shops, the rare signboards that showed the names of companies and lawyers, and the rarer ones that indicated the contents of the shops on which they mounted guard, the hems of the clothes of the pedestrians, nay all the things were smeared with dust. Dust and dirt, dirt and dust! These are the curses of Indian towns.

The streets too were typical Indian. Long lines of low and squalid huts, some dignified by the name of shops or restaurants, and displaying the hetrogeneous contents to public view and dust, and others, the homes of thousands of the indigent and the needy, revealing women whose innate feelings of vanity had been crushed by poverty and hard labour, and naked children rolled in filth, formed the major portion, while here and there rose proud mansions of the wealthy and the aristocratic, in marked and sad contrast with the hovels around.

Through these streets rolled on shining coaches bearing stout lawyers with jolly faces, and opulent dames looking sedately from soft cushions; while men and women of haggard countenances, hungry looks, and mortal ailments, who found no place to lay their weary heads on to rest at night, trudged along in tattered garments to still the pangs of starvation.

Sahadev and Keshab set about to make the purchases. It was a hard task to find the required things, for Indian bazaars notoriously lack much in advertisements. Again, it happens often that the price of a thing fluctuates with the personal appearance of the buyer; and consequently Sahadev and Keshab were forced to resort to the wearisome weapon of higgling. Dusk came when they ended the task, and they adjourned to a hotel for the night.

Yes, the same night, and perhaps the same time! Sarojini, the tender pride of Mabaral was experiencing bitter pangs of shame and sorrow in the clutches of a villain, and subjected to the greatest calamity which can ever befall woman; and her husband Sahadev was chatting in peace with one who had planned and been the instrument of her dishonour! How mysterious are the contrasts of the world! One man is in convulsions of laughter and joy; another, at the same time, and perhaps not far from him is in the throes of dire grief.

They talked about the purchases they had made, and the next day's wedding of Kumaran, the guests that would arrive on the morrow, and the bride and the bridegroom, when Keshab asked:

"Well, my dear Sahadev, I am extremely sorry that our friendship was not of so warm a nature as to enable me to attend your wedding; but, pray, how did you manage to marry the fairest lass in Mabaral after so short a stay of six months? Perhaps you were acquainted with the family before you came here," he added with the intention of learning whether Sahadev was acquainted with the identity of the persons engaged in the unsuccessful attempt of outraging Sarojini, on Sahadev's first visit to Mabaral.

"Oh! no, nothing of the sort," said Sahadev with a laugh. "My meeting Sarojini, and marrying her were quite romantic. How thankful I feel to God for sending me to Mabaral, and for bestowing such a sweet and loving wife on me!"

"Sahadev, Sahadev, you interest me; you prick my curiosity to such an extent that I must perforce have a detailed account of your romantic wedding. You were kind enough to confide to me the story of your life before you came to Mabaral; now, will you leave me unsatisfied about the rest! Dear Sahadev, if you are unwilling to tell me the whole, you deem me unworthy of your confidence."

So earnest was this appeal that it left no room for suspicion of an ulterior motive.

"No, my dear Keshab, you need not suspect that I do not repose trust in you. Far from it, there is nothing to be hidden from you," said Sahadev.

Keshab was breathless wi h suspense.

"I was going to Mabaral—it was my first visit. Unacquainted with the path, as I was, it was past dusk when I neared the hill about a mile off from Mahadev's. Well, I was traversing the forest in the bright moon-light, when suddenly I heard a shrill maiden's cry from one

quarter. Without a moment's hesitation I ran to see what the matter was; and consider my astonishment to see a beautiful maiden violently handled by two or three ruffians. They were cowards,"—

Keshab trembled, and looked aside uneasily.

"For," continued Sahadev, "As soon as they saw my brandished staff the fellows left her and flew off!"

"Who were those who committed such an atrocity on a woman? Shameless brutes they must be! But pray, proceed," exclaimed Keshab.

"I strongly suspect that you were one of the three!"

Keshab turned pale; after a silence of some seconds, during which Sahadev chuckled, Keshab stammered.

"You to suspect *me*! *Me*! Good Gracious! Sahadev, do you suspect me to be capable of such a crime? Then why did you not tell me before? I would not have tainted you with the company of one who attempted to outrage your wife." he added bitterly, and rose to go.

"No, no, Keshab, it was only a joke. Pardon me if I have pained you. Forgive me, pray forgive me, I never thought you would take it seriously," he implored taking him by the hand.

"Thank you, thank you for your explanations," he replied coldly.

"And yet you don't believe me? I tell you honestly, sincerely, that I meant it as a joke never intended to cut you" repeated Sahadev.

"Let it go!" said Keshab gradually regaining colour. "Well, it was not a subject to be trifled with in jokes!"

"I am glad of the indication of forgiveness in your face. But to proceed with my story you were so curious to hear: I took her to a house which proved to be her own, and lodged there for the night. The next day, when I got the appointment at the manor, her father Mahadev offered me lodging and boarding in his house, which I accepted thankfully."

Keshab started, and with a smile of superior wisdom he asked, "Did Mahadev volunteer to give you boarding and lodging?", with a tinge of sneer.

"Yes, he did. The rest is short; I fell in love and married her," said Sahadev vaguely perturbed.

"She was offered to me," said Keshab quietly.

Sahadev started.

"She was offered to you, to you; and you refused that sweet paragon of beauty?" he asked in haste.

"She was offered to some others also by that old man," said Keshab in the same tone.

"And all of them refused her?" he queried doubting him. He felt he was on the brink of some vast abyss, of hearing some startling revelations. Keshab maintained an impenetrable composure.

"Speak Keshab, speak, what is the reason of all of you to refuse her? Or can it be that I have been the victim of an infamous conspiracy of that old man to take advantage of the ignorance of a stranger, and thus draw him into his daughter's snares. Can it be for this that he offered me a free boarding and lodging? But, why should you blame her? why should you refuse her who has no peer in Mabaral, whose nature is as spotless as her beauty. And yet—and yet—but answer me Keshab, answer me!" He knew not what he said; he felt himself in the throes of anxiety and expectation.

"Simple Sahadev!" murmured Keshab half-audibly with a look of deep pity.

"I can't bear this suspense; I implore you Keshab to tell me the truth; or else," he cried his eyes flashing fire, "who-so-ever spreads any scandal about her who is the noblest creature in this world—let him beware."

Keshab glanced at him with a look half of scorn, and half of pity. He opened his lips as if making an effort to reply; but seemed to supress it, on second thoughts.

"Good Keshab, tell me what you know about her. What was the cause of the refusal of her hand by so many? I implore you, tell me I implore you," he begged of him.

"Why should I?" asked Keshab, "If I tell you any unpleasant truth, you will assert that I am a scandal-monger, and seek revenge on me as if such an act could wipe off the truth! Is it not so?"

"Execuse me Keshab if I did not know what I spoke. I never intended any reflection on you. But pray tell me whatever it be. I am prepared for the worst."

"No, my dear Sahadev. I ask you dispassionately, and as one who has your welfare at heart, whether it would increase your happiness by one jot if I disclosed to you anything unpalatable about your wife. You are united to her, and happy too, if I mistake not, in your union. Why should you fret about the reasons which tended to the refusal of her hand by somebody? I would not destroy your paradise of happiness!" said Keshab calmly.

"Paradise of happiness!" Sahadev echoed, "Say paradise of ignorance! I have been living in a fool's paradise! As a friend, I beseech you, let me know it."

"Never, if you are so excited, and passionate."

"No, I shall be calm. But do tell me," he implored.

"Well, if you goad me to tell you, I must. But, do not blame me if you repent afterwards of the folly of having heard it."

"No, I won't" he said with a calmness which was terrible.

"Your wife is reputed to be in illicit love with, Kumaran, the heir of Mabaral."

"With Kumaran!" cried, Sahadev. "It was from Kumaran that I snatched her on that memorable night. It must be false, my friend" said Sahadev with a hollow laugh.

"All right; so much the better for you; comfort yourself with it my friend."

"And why not? It is perfectly clear!"

"Clear! Yes, my simple Sahadev. You are too innocent to suspect anything!"

"Then, how will you reconcile this fact with your charge?" he asked, thinking that Keshab was under some delusion.

"Might it not be that she knew about her illicit amours having got abroad, and wished to contradict it by such a simple stratagem of crying aloud in the hands of two or three? Might it not be that she wished to advertise that her purity was stainless and untarnished? Really, my dear friend, it is pitiable to see you bereft even of ordinary shrewdness."

"By heaven, I see it all; I see all the nefarious attempts which have inveigled me into marriage with a wanton. Yes, how easily I found that house, how easily the old man deluded me with an invitation to board and lodge, lodge under the roof of a wanton! and how easily we were married. I, a mere adventurer was wedded to her after an acquaintance of six months! Good God I see it all! I see it all! But I must be revenged, I must be revenged!"

CHAPTER XIV.

NOTHING is more unhappy for a man than to lie in bed with sleepless though closed eyes at night to feel that he craves rest, and yet is denied its bounty, to find himself revolving thoughts after thoughts for hours together, and then to be startled by the fact that he has been all the time sleeping awake, and finally in a moment of despair to long for the waters of oblivion. Such was the state of Sahadev as he lay still in bed, tortured by ideas which, though sometimes flitting, still encircled round one central thought—the chastity of his wife. Long, long he lay in agonising calm; and

every moment he was getting desperate, to jump out of the bed and do something, he knew not what, when the cawing of a crow—the eastern harbinger of approaching dawn—stirred him to life.

"Keshab, Keshab,!" he cried trying to wake his friend "I start for home just now. Please take the things with you to the mansion, and ask my lord to excuse my absence" And seeing the gentleman addressed, nod a sleepy assent, Sahadev ran out on the to road Mabaral.

He ran a race, gathering strength as he advanced, by the thought that every step was nearing him to the destination, and unconscious of everything around. He drew by the lovely spot that had arrested his footsteps the previous day; but now its charms had lost their hold on him Neither small birds of variegated tints and luxuriant plumages nor others with tendernecks singing their morning carols from the shrubs round the path could attract him. Only a single thought was uppermost in his mind; and that admitted nothing else to be presented as food for reflection.

It was a wild race; and as it neared completion, the morning sun peeped from round patches of golden clouds, on the pale youth with a panting and tumul-tous heart standing on the door-step of Mahadev's house. Once he stopped; and asked himself what he was to do; then the thought that Sarojini might have been sleeping in the caresses of her lover, shot through his heart Yes, it must be as he conjectured! She must have taken advantage of his absence to enjoy her guileful amour with the wealthy Kumaran Or how could it be that she who was up before dawn every day, was wrapped in slumber? As the idea gained root in his mind, he gave a thundering knock at the door. It did not yield; but another opened softly, and Mahadev stood before him with startled looks, and eyes which evidenced little sleep the previous night.

"Surprised! surprised at my unexpected arrival!" Sahadev asked him with a sneer; and as he noticed the heavy eyelids he added. "Perhaps you mounted guard all the night against a possible intrusion!"

"I enjoyed little rest indeed!" the old man said mournfully. "But who can have rest when such a dire calamity overtakes this house!"

"Calamity! Calamity! Calamity indeed now that I know of it. Old man, with one foot in the grave—" Sahadev continued in the same tone.

"But from whom did you learn it?" intrrupted Mahadev.

"Not from you, my honest father! No, no, not from you, nor from her, but from another. And now that I know it you shall see how terrible my revenge is!" And as Sahadev spoke, his face grew livid with rage.

"Do not be violent in your revenge, my Sahadev. Do not bring another sorrow to these hoary locks. And remember how wealthy and influential Kumaran is. I beseech you Sahadev, do not attempt any rash act which you will have to repent of."

"This advice to me!" and his lips twitched in ineffable scorn. "But no! what else could I expect of you but counsel me moderation in my vengeance." And so *it* is true? My friend did not belie me!"

"Your friend spoke indeed the truth. But pray, dear Sahadev, I implore you to exercise calmness, and moderation. Consider everything that is involved in any rash act of yours. Do not be hasty, I pray you!" and there was a sorrowful look in the pale face of the old man.

"No, my old sir, I have been led by your strings for too long a time; and having learnt everything I must be excused for not accepting your advice," Sahadev replied bitterly. "This time at least you must reserve to me the exercise of my judgment. Cunning villain!"

"Kumaran is indeed a cunning villian!" said Mahadev mistaking the point of his remark. "And added to it, is wealth, influence and rank. If you disregard my counsel, I say beware. Beware of the consequences of any implusive deed; and consider also those whose happiness is at stake. But, good Sahadev, I cannot doubt that you will yield to my entreaties."

Sahadev was speechless for a moment as he found the old man giving, what appeared to him, so cunning a turn to his last remark. As Mahadev paused, he broke in "I know it all, old man! and do not dream that your entreaties will make be budge an inch from my intended vengeance. I have been easily duped all the time; but dc not imagine that I can be duped now. He may be wealthy or influential, but that shall not deter me from accomplishing my purpose. And she, where is she?" he asked and ran towards the door.

"Nay, nay, my Sahadev," cried Mahadev, almost barring the way. "The poor girl was brought home late in the night, and had little sleep afterwards; but I think towards daybreak she has fallen asleep. Do not disturb her; let the child enjoy a little rest."

Sahadev grew wild with indignation. There was a father telling his son-in-law coolly that his daughter had come home late at night from her lover's arms, and that she ought to be permitted a short repose! Or, perhaps, and a new idea struck him, Kumaran too was in the house; and to prevent an intrusion on the happiness of the pair, the old man was barring the way! Sahadev shed a look of withering contempt on him, and dashing off the old man's hands, he hastened to the bed chamber of Sarojini

There on a pillow wet with the tears of bitter anguish, reposed the head of one whose coronet of virtue had been rudely torn aside by the sacrilegious hands of a voluptuary. Low sobs escaped now and then

from that frail form; and an ordinary observer would not fail to have been moved into tears by that picture of misery and sorrow.

As Sahadev precipitated in, she opened her eyes wearily; finding him to be her husband, for one moment, and only for one moment, a faint blush of shame and sorrow suffused her cheeks; then her face was lighted with an expression denoting comfort and support in his return. But that blush was expressive of guilt to Sahadev's mind; it was enough for him.

"Still in bed! my virtue! perhaps your cheeks are burning with his kisses But where is he?" asked Sahadev and looked around.

"*He*, *He*! I don't know where he is. But why was I left alone? Had it not been for your absence, this affliction would never have befallen me!" Sarojini bewailed.

"Had not my absence been taken advantage of, I should still have been under the delusion of my wife's innocence. Now it must be very sad for you that I know all. All! a man can't be cheated for all the time, you know."

"You speak very strangely; I to be sad of your knowledge of the recent calamity! I to cheat you for all the time! Good heavens, what do you mean?"

"Not you, my innocent virtue, not you!" he exclaimed sarcastically. "How genuine a surprise lights that countenance! How artful, how hypocritic! The form of an angel, and the heart of a devil! Ah! Siren, I know you full well; nor can you deceive me any more!"

"Siren! Devil! Artful!" and she drew herself up and faced him with a look pregnant with pride and dignity, forcing him almost to quail. "And these from *you*! from you, the once noble and chivalrous Sahadev who rescued me from the outrages of that villain! Good God is it possible!" and she melted into bitter tears.

"Away with that dissembling garb! Still pretending innocence and virtue! Too late, too late, to dupe me by tears or reproofs. Did I not tell you that I know everything!" and he strode up and down the room.

Sarojini was at a loss to understand him. That this loving husband should be turned into a sneering and irate fury, that he should look upon her as a criminal, she could not believe.

"Father, father, I appeal to you. What has he been acquainted with? Could it be that he has been misinformed!" and she wrung her hands in agony.

Mahadev was dumbfounded at the strange behaviour of Sahadev. He did not know how to get at his thoughts, how to disillusion him.

"Sahadev, I pray you, what mean these wild reproofs? What means your infuriated face? Speak, Sahadev that I may know what has caused your indignation!" begged Mahadev.

"I pray you, old man, throw off that mask of hypocrisy. I cannot bear it any more. Your countenance betrayed your crime, on my entrance. And hers too."

"You speak in riddles Sahadev. You charge me of a crime! You charge my innocent child too! And this is the result of having been kind enough to take in a houseless and penniless wayfarer, and bestow my daughter on him! Good God, that I have lived to see this day!" and tears were wrung from the eyes of that old man.

"What is my crime?" asked Sarojini in wounded pride and sore affliction! "If one deludes me to her home on the pretext that my husband, mutilated by an accident, is lying at her house, and thus traps me into a room with a villain who is ready to take advantage of my helplessness, the husband is to seek vengeance by giving vent to his wrath on the wronged and the afflicted wife! Oh! father, you snatched me from death, by which I

would have been happy in another world, to subject me now to the taunts of a cruel and hardhearted husband. Why did you not let me die? why did you save me from death?" saying so she clung to her father shedding bitter, bitter tears.

"Child, child, you do not know what you say. Forgive me, oh! forgive me I never knew that he, to whom I gave my darling, was a monster. Ungrateful dog; you will kill my dear child, you will kill her" Mahadev added turning to him.

"Dissembling old fool! to dupe me even now with such yarns of your daughter's infamy! Do you yet believe that I am ignorant of the crimes of your peerless pearl of virtue? Do you believe that I am ignorant of the causes of the refusal of her hand by Keshab and a host of others? Do you yet imagine that I have not learnt of her being in illicit league with Kumaran. Are you still under the impression that I am not conscious of the vile snares you spread before me to lure me into marriage with that enchantress? A free offer of boarding and lodging! how magnanimous! Oh! you descipable old man who defiles your venerable and hoary head, and you wanton wretch who disgraces your sex and beauty, shame on you, shame on you. We shall meet soon," and unable to contain himself he rushed out of the room.

"Stay, stay, I command you, by the kindness I have shown you in the past. Stay, if you have one grain of gratefulness in your heart! Stay if you are not a coward, and unable to face me!" Mahadev cried out after him.

Sahadev turned back mechanically, and saw the old man with eyes flashing fire, and a face livid with rage, fearful to behold Sarojini had sunk down by the bed; and her face was burried in her palms.

"Coward and slanderer!" roared Mahadev trembling with indignation. "My daughter to be refused by

Keshab and others, Keshab that villainous satellite of Kumaran who could no more refuse her than the moon! My daughter to be the mistress of that despicable scoundrel, Kumaran, who could not have touched her but for a shameful stratagem! And I to ensnare you by an offer of boarding and lodging! Ungrateful cur, to mistake my kindness and bounty! Out of my house! And let me never see your face darken my doors again, even though you are the husband of my daughter. Out of my house! I command you," and he rushed to push him out.

In Sahadev dawned a doubt about the honesty of Keshab, and without a word he sped towards the house of Velan.

Mahadev paced the room in anger, casting restless glances at his daughter. For a while there reigned stillness in the room, save for the footfalls of Mahadev. A couple of minutes; and Sarojini broke in a bewailing tone with 'father'; the old man ran to her; and took her up like a little child, in his arms. And she rested her head on his shoulder and wept in silent sorrow. The old man's heart was too full to speak; words choked in his throat; and hot tears gushed from his eyes.

With a drooping head he stood, his innocent and wronged child's arms round his neck. Happy visions of the past flitted before his mind; of the days he used to take her as a little girl on his knees, and fondle those raven tresses. He remembered the pride with which he had taken her round the village, the happiness with which he had enjoyed her lisping talks and gay merry laughter. And then arose before him the figure of his devoted wife whose form he realized in his loving daughter, of her tender love, and of the solicitude with which she had asked him in death-bed to be a father and mother to their little one. Sweet and happy visions! Never again to be realized! How that very sweetness and happiness made the sorrow more galling!

"Father!" murmured Sarojini.

"Yes, my child!"

"Forgive him! he has been duped by some one"

"I forgive him for your sake."

Once more there was silence.

"Father, dear father!"

He divined her thoughts.

"He has gone for ever!" she sobbed.

"No, he will come back when he learns the truth. Trust in the almighty, and let us bow to fate."

CHAPTER XV.

IN the meantime, preparations for the wedding neared completion. More than thirty-five years had passed since a wedding took place in the manor-house of Mabaral; and the hoary heads of the village still remembered the luxury and grandeur that had invested that memorable event. How numerous had been the guests assembled! How splendid had been the reception accorded to them! What vast concourse of people had collected, aye even from the distant district of Ravaneswar? And how sumptuous had been the dinners given! These were some of the exclamations with which these aged people entertained wondering circles of village youths, and which were no less easily transmitted from mouth to mouth by the bonny lasses of Mabaral.

Nor was the present going to be outdone by the past. Balsivan had given specific orders to his steward that neither money nor labour should be spared to celebrate the happy event in right lordly style. Nor was he content with giving orders. He himself superintended everything, and was seen running about the house and issuing a thousand commands.

Around the mansion were laid out extensive grounds to accommodate the people who would assemble there to attend the ceremony. Those courtyards carefully levelled and cleaned, looked neat and tidy, and over them stood

gaily decked pandals in eastern pride. These vast pandals on the four sides varied in their decorations with the purposes they were meant to serve. That on the north was intended for the culinary department; on the west for dining for the peasant women, on the south for common folk, and on the east for the reception of the principal guests of the day.

A peep into that gastronomical laboratory, though offending to the good taste of some, may still be profitable to the curious and the epicurean. A hundred people are engaged in several processes, which though confusing to one uninitiated in those mysterious arts, are subtly united as a whole. And as if conscious of this confusion with which a stranger would be struck, the head cook, distinguished from the rest by his protentious proportions, jingles his huge bundle of keys with a superior smile of wisdom and issues no less confusing commands to scores of persons at the same time. Dozens of maids are engaged in minor duties, and dozens of men squat in a circle with a rising pyramid of chopped vegetables in the centre, which swells every minute by the active knives of the many. Huge vessels of brass and copper are mounted on roaring hearths, and men with gigantic ladles watch over them with anxious faces and eyes twinkling with the heavy responsibility involved, while out of this large area of smoke and fire and cooks, emanate a thousand sounds each adding to the buzzle that prevailed.

In the western pandal is a concourse of women of varying ages: grey-haired heads and wrinkled faces, sedate mothers and budding maidens, sweet eyes and lovely forms, with a sprinkling of young ones of both sexes. On all is visible the look of expectation, the pang of hunger. Famished souls who have rarely enjoyed the luxury of one full meal a day! Who can picture their sorrows and hardships in the hard struggle for existence?

Nor is the scene destitute of gallantries. Peasant youths with the ostensible reason of carrying messages flit

past to and fro; and while some are disappointed in not catching a glimpse of the beloved, others, more fortunate, shed amorous looks, and she exchanging a timid glance averts her head in bashful modesty.

In the southern grounds a motley crowd vaster than the previous is collected Free from the hard toil of the day, all the peasants and labourers assemble there to enjoy the rare holiday and the rarer meal. Mirth and jollity, ribald jokes and marvellous yarns prevail. Scores of snake charmers with a family of cobras and apes have taken advantage of the occasion, and exhibit their shows to a laughing multitude Venomous serpents are garlanded round their necks, and these fellows more or less of a gipsy tribe walk round with intrepedity, leading uncouth apes which play odd antics, and thereby throwing the audience in convulsions of laughters.

But it is the eastern pandhal that carries the palm of the day; the local artists and painters have lavished their art to decorate it worthy of the prestige of the house and worthy of the functions it is to fulfill. It stands in an octagonal form, and the columns which support it, are so embellished as to present from a distance, the appearance of beautiful marble. Overhead hangs a gorgeous canopy of velvet and cloth of gold, and from the centre and the corners flutter flashing pendants. The sides are screened by green ferns broken here and there by arched windows, likewise made. In the centre stands a circular table round which chairs and sofas are arranged. Silver vases burning incence, trays bearing scented sandal, and flower-pots of artistic workmanship bearing bouquets waft their perfumes from the table. From a further end the *veena* plays melodious notes to the rhythm of which those of the guests who wish to show theit musical talent nod their head in condescending approval or patronising admiration. As it ceases, a gentle titter goes around, or the hum of a distant palanquin meets their ears. All eyes are turned towards

the direction; soon some stalwart bearers make their appearance, and deposit the precious lord at the entrance. Balsivan and the assembled guests advance to welcome the new-comer; formal queries of health are exchanged; and once more the music begins.

Taraka has her coterie of ladies of rank who have been invited for the occasion, and women of middle class hovering around. The neighbouring farmers' families are there, and they try to make themselves useful in many ways. Tod eaters, also, buzz about, and are active in doing little services, fondling the babies of the aristocratic, and praising them within the delicate limits of decorum. The great ones acknowledge it by speechless messages of approbation, and think it incompatible with their dignity to break the silence even at the repeated queries of the lesser ones, save to give concise and polite replies to Taraka.

The hostess is not alive to the full duties attatched to her; for she communes with herself on the joyous prospect of fondling a grand-child in her arms in the near future.

Kumaran had recovered from the previous night's adventure. No trace of compunction or sorrow was visible on his face. He sat in his room, entertained by the jests of the guests of his rank and age, who found the company of Balsivan and the elders too boring for their gay hearts. Karman was all attention to them, and sometimes joined in the conversation with due regard to his own station, now assuming the role of servant and now the role of companion. Kumaran was only a passive listener, for, his thoughts were divided between expectations of the evening, charms of his bride, and lastly Sarojini During the course of the day Keshab entered, and took occasion, unnoticed by any, to drop into the ears of Kumaran a few words saying that he wanted a private audience with him immediately. After some time Kumaran making many apologies to his friends, was seen quitting his room. Beckoning Keshab he walked upstairs, and was soon closetep with him.

"Well!" remarked Kumaran anxiously.

"You look very pale, my lord! how fared the enterprise of last night?" asked Keshab.

"Not quite successful though! neither quite a failure. And yet, I am of half-a-mind that we had not undertaken it"

"How, my lord,! is she not enchantingly fair?"

"Fair! Perhaps the fairest of the sex. But we had miscalculated her. She could not be bought by gold!"

"Your lordship intersts me!" he was surprised.

"I too was quite surprised. Kamala managed her part quite successfully," continued Kumaran. "But as soon as Sarojini saw that she was deceived, she assumed an air of defiance and courage, that, I confess, quite dazzled me I tried to allure her by gold; but she spurned it.

"And did your lordship let her escape?" asked Keshab with a tinge of sneer.

"Would that I had! No! Keshab, she is not one to be classed with ordinary frail beings, much less with the wanton. She is an ornament to her sex, in beauty no less in virtue. How I repent that I had not known her before!"

"I will not be surprised if your lordship take to the study of sastras, and become a philosopher soon."

"Don't jest with me, Keshab. Believe me, I tell you that had I married her, I would have been the happiest creature in the world. How I envy that Sahadev!"

"Then, why did not your lordship let her off? She would have been as chaste as the moon, and you could have admired her from a distance." He could not suppress his contempt.

"I was goaded by passion; I could not relinquish her. Oh! why did I injure that innocent one!" he exclaimed.

Well, well, my lord there is no use of fretting about the past, specially when the future is by no means smooth You have committed an outrage, and don't you apprehend any scandal, any unpleasantness arising from it Does your lordship imagine that Sarojini will not seek redress at the hands of her husband, that Sahadev will coolly pocket the insult?"

"You have voiced the fears which have been troubling my inmost heart for the last few hours. Sahadev is not of the stamp of a poor peasant who can be threatened into silence, or daunted by wealth or rank. And when he learns of the violence on his darling wife, Good Gracious! it may be a matter of life and death. Keshab, Keshab, what shall we do!" he ceased in anguish.

"How can we avert the disaster? Who knows how violent his passson may be!"

"Keshab, this is due to you. Why did you entice me to her beauty and charms. I would have dwelt in ignorant bliss had you never mentioned her name!"

"Well, my lord, you ought to have thought twice last night when she rejected your advances and money. Now your imprecations on innocent servants who have toiled in your own interests are of no avail"

"I appeal to your sagacity Keshab to hush this affair. Use gold, lavishly if necessary; and I shall not hesitate to reward you. Here, take this ring as an earnest; it is worth a thousant ruppees, or more You have got my money; use as much of it as you please, provided no scandal comes out of it"

Keshab's eyes sparkled as he took thankfully the jewelled ring and said:

"My lord, as long as your servant is alive, have no fears about anything. Even now I have done half the work in instilling in Sahadev, an idea that Sarojini allured you to her arms even before he was married to her."

"Sarojini alluring me to her arms!" exclaimed Kumaran.

"Yes, I daresay, that is his firm conviction now; and your lordship will perceive that if he seeks reparation, it will be from *her*."

"From her, the innocent—" echoed Kumaran, genuinely surprised at his servant's cunning.

"Yes; if you pity her, I have no objection; but I must wash my hands clean of the matter. He will seek revenge on one, you, or her. Whom does your lordship perfer?"

A tumult raged in Kumaran's heart Who was to suffer, the innocent or the culprit? No, no, not he! It must be the innocent! Besides, her beauty may soften Sahadev's heart. Turning aside he said. "Be it as you say, Keshab I am ill, ill on my wedding day!'

There was a buzzle down below Many were calling the young lord by name

"Cheer up, my lord, cheer up. Possibly it will bring no harm on her! The matter shall be hushed: but put up a brave face my lord; and in the meantime your lordship should go down to the guests"

With a heavy heart Kumaran returned to his friends Gradually his spirits recovered; and the party sat for the dinner Cooks dressed in best, arranged in single file advanced with the steaming dishes and spoons, and serving each leaf, the Indian plate, returned in the same order and file. There was a regular stream of cooks, going in and returning, and on the lapse of an hour th- party rose, adjourning to the music and the silver vases of betel-leaves

In the grounds the uproar was tremendous; each batch could hardly consist of a thousand and each man pushed and jostled and kicked to get the first Gradually as batches after batches were turned out after hearty

meals, the clamour quietened, and finally ceased with the last.

The sacred moment, fixed by astrologers arrived; a confused procession had already started; scores of palanquins borne on stalwart bearers waited for their lords; the elders among the honoured guests got in gradually, and sat in impatience to give the word of command to commence the gallop. The younger ones surrounding Kumaran tripped out of the mansion, laughing, jesting, and bandying wits when an incident occurred that suddenly damped their joy.

An innocent, harmless cat just crossed their path!

"An evil omen! an evil omen!" whispered a young man between his teeth.

"What? What do you say?" asked Kumaran anxiously, the immediate silence produced by the little cat enabling him to overhear the remark of his friend.

"A Cat has crossed the path!" he murmured with a tragic face.

Kumaran turned pale, and stopped unwilling to proceed.

"What!" exclaimed another youth who was made of sterner stuff. "To credit an idle cat with the power of stopping a wedding! This is ludicrous, my friends. My wonder is that in spite of an english education, you still cling to these superstitions! I would not be turned back on my wedding day, even if a lion were to cross my path!"

For very shame Kumaran dared not withdraw into the manor. He must advance, and dare his fate. With hesitating, faltering steps he accompanied his friends to the palanquins that were waiting, when again another event marred their progress.

A tall individual with flushed face, blood-shot eyes and wild hair ran towards them crying "Stop! Stop!"

"Sahadev!" exclaimed Kumaran inaudibly, as he recognised the advancing person. The young lord trembled terror-stricken; he felt desperately ill, and wished that he had been back in the mansion, safe and secure from cats and Sahadevs.

As Sahadev neared the spot where Kumaran and his friends stood, he broke into a long tirade of bitter, scathing humiliating invectives against the bridegroom. The vision was so sudden, so unexpected and the words disclosed so ignominious a story of the future heir of Mabaral that almost every companion of Kumaran was rooted to the spot.

"Karman! Keshab!" shouted Kumaran apprehending that neither the sanctity of the occasion, nor the respect due to his rank would save him from personal violence.

"Treacherous scoundrel!" roared Sahadev charging the newly arrived Keshab "Take this for your advice!" and he knocked him to the ground. And Keshab would have ended his intrigues but for the arrival of Karman with a few other servants. Without a moment's pause Sahadev was secured, bound and carried off!

All this had lasted only for a couple of minutes; no row drew any inquisitive eyes; no crowd was collected. Only the few gaping round Kumaran understood the full significance of Sahadev's utterances. Seeing quiet restored, they severally departed in silence to their palanquins, and were borne away.

CHAPTER XVI

ON a steep and craggy eminence, broken here and there by thin and slender grass, and dotted by shrubs and brambles shone the slanting rays of the declining sun. The burning heat of the noon grew mild with the approaching evening, and a gentle breeze sprang up from the near valley fanning the trees around. The scene was peaceful, almost calm and silent. No bird twittered from among the branches; no sound or buzzle reached this secluded spot from the near, though hidden mansion; and from the edge of the hill no human form was visible as far as the eye could reach.

Soon the stillness was broken. Two men with ferocious eyes and brows bearing strong traces of their hard toil in climbing the hill, advanced towards the spot, leading, rather dragging another between. His eyes were sunken, though a peculiar lustre flashed now and then from them. His face was pale and weak and bore marks of hunger; but an iron-willed expression gave a grim cast to his countenance. The hands and feet were secured with strong cords, and it was with pain and difficulty he moved. It was evident that not a morsel of food or a drop of water had touched his lips that day.

"I cannot proceed a step further!" cried he, and fell down on the grass.

The two saw the sad plight of their exhausted victim, and eyed each other with a smile of triumph.

"Dog, you are now in our power!" exclaimed Keshab.

"I know I am!" replied Sahadev composedly. "But I have been in your power since an hour. Why have you brought me here?"

"To teach you the consequence of your insults to the future lord of Mabaral!" replied Karman.

"Villains! I defy you. Do your worst!" said Sahadev in scorn. "You dared not touch me free! now that I am powerless, it is quite consistent with your cowardice to take advantage of it."

"Ah! you forget that I owe you a debt; you shall receive it now, and with redoubled interest too!" Keshab cried in anger, and smote Sahadev on the chest, and aimed brutal kicks at the prostrate form.

Sahadev quivered with indignation; his eyes shot with fury, every look fomenting the wrath of Keshab, and exciting his violence. But Karman laid his hand on the dastard's palm and said "That is enough Keshab; let us finish our business with him, and be off to Ragmar."

"But ask him to hold his tongue!" exclaimed Keshab loth to relinquish his prey.

"Sahadev, you have committed an unpardonable crime against the lord of Mabaral!—" began Karman.

"I commit a crime!" echoed Sahadev. "Say he, that immoral wretch whom you call the future lord has committed an unpardonable offence against me and mine!"

"Peace!" thundered Keshab, "Or you shall rue the wagging of that tongue."

"Craven fool!" exclaimed Sahadev in disgust, "Did I not tell you that I defy you? Kick on! or kill me! I am in your power!"

"Soft, Keshab, Soft!" begged Karman of his companion; and turning to Sahadev he added: "Though yours is an unpardonable crime, my lord has been magnanimous to tell me that he will forgive you!"

"Magnanimous! How kind and considerate of his lordship!" sneered Sahadev, "But pray proceed."

"Well he will forgive you on certain conditions."

"Conditions!" cried Sahadev. "And if I refuse to accede to them!—" he added proudly.

"Remember Velan!" said Keshab ominously.

"And Velan would have sought redress in the court, but for the thought of his future! But I will not be detered by such considerations" said Sahadev.

"Who can protect you from the wrath of the wealthy and the influential lord?" asked Keshab contemptuously.

"The British Government! in whose court your lords and Gods should tremble!"

"The British Government!" echoed Keshab ironically. "And you know so little of our lords? Have you not seen so many of the peasants almost beaten to death? Does the Government protect them? Even the brawls between the labourers or farmers themselves are settled by lords and only rare cases go to the court No my friend, going to court is the game of the rich! it is not intended for fellows like you!"

"You lie! The government lets escape no murders uninvestigated!" said Sahadev.

"Aye, it does, to its credit. But even in such cases wealth and influence count much!"

Sadadev could find no reply.

"Keshab, we are wandering away from the business. Should we not hasten to Ragmar?" asked Karman. "Sahadev, quit Mabaral instantly; never show your face here again, and you shall be pardoned!"

"Pardoned! I am not an ignorant, servile peasant to be trampled upon! I must take revenge on him. Quit Mabaral? yes, after my revenge" replied Sahadev whose feelings flamed at the thought.

"Beware, you dog, beware! Quit Mabaral, on your word of honour that you will never return, and everything shall fare well. Or else—beware!" threatened Keshab.

"We shall not come to such a pass, Sahadev," said Karman coaxingly. "If you are afraid of your future prospects we shall replenish your purse, even amply. Name a reasonable sum of money, and it shall be paid to you provided you hush the affair. Say what amount will you have?"

"Money! money!" cried Sahadev who grew more incensed every minute "Do you, unscrupulous scoundrels, dream that money can restore lost honour, that money can retrieve the chastity of a woman. Base and coward dogs who hope that money can sport with the virtues of a woman!"—

Karman lost his patience, and got enraged at the epithets hurled on them. Every minute Keshab looked at Karman as if waiting for the word of command.

"For the last time, I ask you, will you take the money and leave Mabaral, or no? Once more beware!"

"Beware!" echoed Sahadev. He rose on his feet, with a face dark with rage and pride and defiance. "I scorn you cowardly villains. I scorn you. Do your worst!"

"We shall teach you to sing a different tune!" cried Karman, and they fell on the defenceless form. He reared and hurled himself on them in fury, and gripping an enemy's neck by his palms, threw him down, and was thrown on him by Keshab Kicking, and rising, and rearing and hurling they neared unconsciously the edge of the precipice and before any one could realise the danger, Sahadev slipped and rolled!

Rolling! Rolling! Rolling! Without an arm to be stretched for support, without a foot to leap upon, without a possible aid to avert the disaster! Gathering speed with every minute, with no control to retard the violent motion, bumping over rocks and stones, springing over brambles and thorns, leaping with every undulation of the steep hill like an inanimate mass! Rolling! Rolling!

Rolling! with blood hotly coursing, with eyes wildly open, with consciousness of certain death, with heart writhing in agony, down, down, down the rugged rocks, into stillness and gloom—mangled and torn.

Ejaculations of horror burst from the two, as they saw their victim roll into the jaws of death; and when the form disappeared down, significant looks of guilt and crime shone on their bewildered and bloodless face, and with one accord they fled from the scene, far, far they knew not where.

From a bush, hard by, emerged a pale figure with anxious looks, and frightened face. He followed with his eyes the retreating forms, till they were lost in the distance to his vision, and rushed to the spot from which voices had emanated some time back. No trace of Sahadev was to be found! He scrutinised the impressions left on the trampled grass, and pursued them to the edge of the hill. There they suddenly ended!

Good Heavens! Could it be that Sahadev had been kicked down the hill? the thought made him ill. He could not proceed further in his investigation. And yet he must. With a heavy heart he clambered down the edge, and noted with increasing fear the flattened grass, and the crushed shrubs. Slowly and sadly he climbed down the hill; his fingerless hands could aid him little; and as he neared the foot he descried a white cloth at some distance. Dizzy with pain and sorrow he hastened to the place, wondering at the never-ending distance that intervened. At last he reached. It was Sahadev!

His worst fears were confirmed. In a pool of blood lay the mutilated body of the once handsome and chivalrous Sahadev! No signs of life he showed!

Velan, was at a loss for breath; he whooped and co-o-o-ed for help; but no one arrived. He repeated doing so till he grew hoarse, and two urchins, clearly

indicating by their manner that they were cowherds, made their appearance.

"Gopal! Sunder!" shouted Velan recognising the two. They ran up to him in haste. Finding the body there, they stared at him astounded.

"Gopal it is a matter of life and death. Fetch some water immediately," and the fellow flew to a neighbouring pond. "Sunder, hasten to Mahadev and tell him that Sahadev is ill, seriously ill. Tell him that I want him immediately!" and the lad obeyed his command.

Meantime water was brought and sprinkled over the face, to no effect. Velan waited in anxious impatience for Mahadev. Gopal looked on in mute serprise and pain.

Mahadev came with wild and agitated steps; the last few hours of sorrow and rage made him look older; and tears gushed fast as he saw the remains of the husband of his dear daughter. He bowed meekly and silently to fate.

Far in the distance Velan recognised a white form flitting from place to place and springing from stone to stone. Slowly the form loomed larger and larger. It was Sarojini panting and pale. Her feet were bleeding; her face was ghastly white She approched, and saw, and throwing her arms up into the air fell down on the ground senseless.

The old man took her up in his arms with suppresed sobs; Velan wetted her face; and slowly she revived.

"Watch it carefully!" whispered Velan to Mahadev pointing to the body. "I shall run to the magistrate and fetch him. But, remember, do not move from the place" and with this warning he disappeared from the place.

"Go home my dear child!" pleaded the old man to Sarojini. "Nought can stand between God's will. Let us bow to him. Now go home my child."

"Father!" she exclaimed in sorrow; and there was a look of gentle reproach in her eyes. "Let me be with him at least for the last few minutes in this world."

And she placed her beloved's head on her lap, and little drops of crystal water she dropped from her loving hand into his parched mouth. A long time she continued; and then she thought that his lips moved a little.

"He lives! Father, he lives," cried Sarojini.

Mahadev felt his heart. Yes, life was slowly returning!

"Some milk, father, milk."

"I shall run home. Gopal, Sunder, do not leave her alone!" and he hastened home.

The last rays of the evening sun tinted the green valley with a golden colour, and gilded the round patches of clouds with roseate and yellow hues. The sum smiled brightest, like dying embers; and the radiant beams dwelt fondly on the wronged pair, as if loth to part. Sarojini's face glowed with hope; and yet how long oh! how long since she noticed the beating of the heart yet unfullfilled in any other visible sign of life. Her heart almost sank. She despaired of his revival.

"One kiss! One kiss before death!" thought she and silently and with streaming eyes her lips bent lower in reverence! Her breath mingled with his, her tears, dropped on his face, her lips touched his—and he awoke!

Sarojini started. Hop and joy sang in her heart.

The eyes were at first dreamy; gradually they dwelt on the bent countenance of that beautiful form; then they closed as if trying to recollect the past. Slowly a glow revived on the face with the reviving remembrance; it grew more animate with joy, and once more the lids parted in greateful glow. How long they dwelt on her face, expressing love, gratitude and a hundred other emotions! The tongue tried to articulate—in vain. The hands rose

up before Sarojini and she undid the knot. How she waited for the appearance of her father!

One arm stole from his side, and creeped into her palm. Slowly he took her hand, and placed it on his heart, and held it fast between his, as if only in that he found solace and safety. Sarojini thrilled!

He drank eagerly of the milk brought by Mahadev: only his looks revealed the emotions of the heart.

It was past dusk when a *posse* of constables headed by a Sub-Inspector, and accompanied by a magistrate marched down the hill in a torch-lit procession under the escort of Velan.

"Coo-o-o-e." whooped Velan.

"Coo-o-o-e," whooped Gopal and Sunder in reply.

The party reached the spot, and grouped round Sahadev but as soon as they beheld Sarojini they started back in surprise.

"His wife" explained Valan.

The Magistrate and the Sub-Inspector exchanged looks of admiration of her beauty, and no less of her heroic devotion.

"He is alive!" remarked the Magistrate seeing his eyes open.

"Yes by God's grace, my lord."

The sub Inspector examined his wounds; some were indeed mortal.

"Better to take the deposition now;" said the police man. "The injuries are mortal, and I doubt very much whether he will survive even two hours," the latter he said in English to the Magistrate.

"Then hasten, Sir: I am quite prepared," said Sahadev with difficulty. But he continued to look on Sarojini with deep sorrow.

"I did not know that you understand English," apologised the Sub-Inspector.

"Let us to business, then," remarked the Magistrate. Three or four torches were lit at the same time imparting a lurid glare on the scene. A stone was rolled to the place, to be utilised as a table, and the Sub-Inspector squatted beside.

The formal swearing was gone through; and questions after questions were put to him by both the officials. He answered them as best as he could, detailing the events of the whole day, and now and then taking sips of milk from the hands of his wife. After an hour and a half they stopped.

"Have you finished ?" he asked.

"Yes; we shall not trouble you any more-" said the Magistrate.

"Then, will you kindly leave me for a while. I have not many minute to live" he added composedly.

The officers were moved by the story, and retired sorrowfully a few yards off. The torches still burned.

"Dearest, forgive me." he said simply.

"Hush, Darling." she sobbed.

"Father, pardon me for my rudeness this morning. I was deceived." he said addressing Mahadev.

"I knew it my son. Oh! forgive my angry words" lamented Mahadev.

"It is nothing father" and he relapsed into silence.

"Sarojini, dearest! I have not many minutes to live! To leave you my darling, it breaks my heart," and he sobbed like a child.

From Sarojini's eyes, tears flowed fast and silent.

Velan came to his side.

"Thank you Velan. You have done me a service. But bend lower." and he whispered in his ear. "Will you guard over her like a brother!"

"I promise," said Velan, every syllable choking in his throat.

"Sarojini, will you forget me!", he asked.

"Never!" she sobbed, her heart almost bursting.

"One word, one word, who was the cause of your ruin?" wildly asked Sarojini.

"Kumaran."

There was silence. Intense agony shook his frame.

"Sweetest! One kiss, one last kiss" he murmured almost inaudibly.

She kissed him on the brow, then on each cheek, and lastly a lingering farewell on the lips.

His face grew bright, and radiant with beauty. Never before had he appeared so handsome! so beaming!

Mahadev whispered in his right ear vedic hymns. *Rama, Krishna, Narayana!* and with one hard breath his soul took flight from the mortal clay.

Sarojini fell back insensible.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE must now accompany the bridal procession which started from Mabaral.

As soon as the rhythmic hum of the bearers announced the starting of the procession, Kumaran threw himself on his back and fell into a long reverie.

Bridal day! what hideous irony of fate was this! Other persons would go to wedlock with gay and joyous faces, no care or sorrow obtruding itself on the golden dreams of anticipation; and here he was with a heavy heart cursing himself, cursing the day, cursing the whole world.

Thoughts of the recent scene with Sahadev were uppermost in his mind. What foul disgrace! to suffer such an ignominious exposure at the hands of a servant, and that in the presence of those guests on whom he had impressed that he was not a youth of wild ways. The blood-boiled as he thought of the public indignity he had endured, and the consequent contumely with which his peers might look down upon him. But it was a consolation that his young friends alone had witnessed the scene, and they, why they were equally bad as he, and must have sown their wild oats.

How thankful he felt to Keshab and Karman for their timely help in preventing physical violence from that scurvy fellow who forgot even the respect that was due to his master! And yet in his innermost heart he could not withhold a tinge of admiration for the wronged husband who paid no deference to person or rank in his revenge. Brave man? yes; but he chuckled at the sudden transformation, which he hoped, money could effect in Sahadev and the silence it would impose on him.

Then, by courious leaps, his imagination strayed on the noble, the enchanting Sarojini. A vision he conjured up before his mind's eye, of her in the posture, she stood, gloriously ravishing in her startled eyes, and the hot blood that imparted a ruddy glow to her cheeks. He dwelt on her heaving breast, the perfect contours, the supple limbs, the graceful arm, and the proud pouting of her cherry lips, dashing off the gold that he forced into her palm. Sweetest vision! one moment in thy willing arms were worth the service of a whole life to thee! What worlds would he not give were that procession to lead to the nuptial night with her!

And then came on him a wild fear, a fear borne of a suspicion that the outrage on so ravishing a being who must doubtless have made a deep impression on Sahadev, should evoke a maddening thirst for vengeance in him,

Could money allay his passion? money that was spurned by his wife? He could not say; and yet he knew that a man's revenge might take terrible forms. Yes, he remembered strange stories he had heard and read which confirmed his fear; what could he do to avert the wrath of that man? Racked by these thoughts he rolled this side and that. A thousand possibilities of the form of his vengeance rose before him; he shuddered; he longed to escape from those harrowing thoughts.

He opened the windows of the palanquin to enjoy the fresh air, to fly from his thoughts. They were passing by a village lit by the parting beams of the setting sun; and as he looked, the refulgent orb slid down a distant hill, in mocking smiles. Ahead stood some peasant-girls with pitchers of water placed on their heads in graceful equipoise, looking at the equipage with large and wondering eyes. As Kumaran passed, a naughty imp murmured an innocent joke, setting a gentle titter around of sweet gay laughter. What! these peasant-girls too jeered at him! He closed the windows with violent force, and threw himself back in the palanquin

No, he would not yield himself a prey to those distressing reflections; he would bury the past; he would float himself on the wings of imagination and picture the future life of wedded felicity.

Liela, his bride was reputed for her exquisite charms of person, and the brilliant accomplishments of her mind. A little bird had whispered into his ears that she was a poet, that her musical attainments were of the highest. He was to be the receipient of her love; and he doubted not that his life would be a joyful romance.

She was, he conjectured, a budding maiden of bashful sixteen, with innocence peeping through her dark orbs, and sinplicity suffusing her dimpled cheeks. And the tender creature would nestle in his arms, and lay her head on his heart, as if there alone, she found comfort and joy.

She would be like a fond little deer that had strayed away from its mother frolicking witb joyous bounds round the hunter's ambush ; but she would find in him a mother's love, a father's care, and a husband's tenderness.

She would be like a tender creeper twining round him with the caressing tendrils, finding her sole solace and support in his warm regard.

She would be his only love ; and he her whole world.

In the drowsy heat of the noon, when the mansion would be wrapped in silence, they would sit beside on a downy sofa, fanned by the cool breeze from the garden by his room, reading the sweet verses she had composed, his head resting on hers, his breath mingling with hers ; or he would lie still looking long into her imaginative eyes trying to give shape to her poetic visions.

And as evening would steal on, robbing the tropical sun of its burning heat, they would step forth into the open air, she hanging on his arm, admiring on their way the picturesque valleys, and mount gently up the nearest hill How her poetic fancy would feed upon the beautiful scenery of Mabaral ; she who would ordinarily be immured in the four walls of a mansion ! Then they would roam in the forest up the hill as fearless, as gay as mated deers, she struck with the wild flowers, and gigantic trees.

After watching a glorious sunset suffusing the western sky with golden clouds, they would trip down the hill, in the dusk. And on partaking supper he would return to his room, and listen with ravishing ears to the delicious warblings of his beloved. . . . .

Thus mused Kumaran.

What supreme felicity to pour forth one's love on another, fair and tender, confiding and innocent; and to lose oneself in the elysian dreams of wedded felicity !

The procession stopped ; and Kumaran threw open the windows and peeped out, wondering how soon his

reflections had carried him through to Ragmar. Before him stood a small bunglow brilliantly lighted by lamps of various colours. A hundred people stood there, dressed in best, obviously waiting to receive the bridal procession; and as soon as the palanquins stopped, the people severally ran towards them, each inquiring of the other the bride-groom's car. Expectant faces and lanterns ran past by Kumaran, repeating the same question, and receiving answers of "here, here" which were drowned in the confusion. Those ahead forming the party of elders alighted, and were received with courtesies by a tall young gentleman who played the master of ceremonies, and conducted them to chairs on the verandha. By the time a group had collected round Kumaran's car, the innermost circle of which was formed by his own friends who had accompanied him from Mabaral. The master of ceremonies ran to the spot, and requested the principal personage of the day to alight, a request which Kumaran promptly granted, regretting at the same time that he had not the honour of his acquaintance. His friends lost no time in introducing the gentleman as the lord of Ragmar's son, an act which called forth smiles from both, and mutual inquiries of the commonplace.

The younger party was conducted to the verandha: but declined modestly the seats offered, according to the invariable Indian custom of paying reverence to the elders.

Both the parties were saved from embarassment by the host by arranging some seats on another verandha, to which the younger party adjourned, including Kumaran. The master of ceremonies spent his time in running between both.

"How far is this from the mansion?" asked Kumaran.

"About half-a-mile" replied the host who had just returned from the elder's batch. No other question came from Kumaran.

"Well, then, shall we proceed to bathe?" he asked.

They rose, and followed the lanterns to the tank close by. Each had a refreshing dip, after which they arrayed themselves in the best. Kumaran was distinguished from the rest by a broad-laced cloth of the finest muslin thrown over his shoulders in elegant style.

Light refreshments were then served to the visitors, consisting of sweets and fruits and coffee. But these were not partaken by all; the younger batch was taken to a separate room, in which stood a large table covered with bottles of sparkling wines, and dishes bearing a variety of meat. With readiness the party fell to, and did full justice to the table. The host occasionally joined them, now and then helping himself to a glass; but Kumaran drank himself to drown the unpleasant memories of the evening.

Soon another procession on foot longer than the first was started. The road which indicated its recent origin was lined on either side by close arches of ferns, from the centres of which hung paper-lamps of japanese pattern. Scores of servants with lights in their hand formed the vanguard, and hundreds of common-folk formed the rear. Kumaran was in the middle surrounded by his friends, and led by the host.

As they sighted the mansion of Ragmar, the party stopped. In front of them lay a large court-yard, from the centre of which flew shrieking darts of fire soaring up into the sky, coloured lights of various hues converting the surroundings into a fairy land, gay fountains sprouting streams of flashing stars and flowers, and a thousand things besides which the rustics gazed at in mingled awe and wonder.

Kumaran found himself the cynosure of every eye, as he entered the spacious pandal, more gaily decorated than that of Mabaral. He was greeted by a shower of sweet lavendar, and received by the Lord of Ragmar with kind enquiries. A host of guests had collected in

the pandal, who were one by one introduced to the bride-groom; and the party sat to listen to the melodious notes of the flute played by a famous songster.

The momentous time arrived; with a palpitating heart Kumaran was escorted to the sacred chamber; in the centre stood on a carpet a bashful maiden decked in ornaments and cloth of gold. Two or three matrons stood around supporting the tender form. The details of the ceremony were gone through; and though Kumaran would have been thought immodest to take a long look at his bride, he did snatch a glance, that left a glad impression on his heart.

After dinner which was indeed sumptuous, the young guests assembled once more in the verandha. Coversation was quite entertaining, punctuated as it was by jokes and laughter. All the young aristocrats assembled knew just a little of english, enough to chat freely in that tongue, and at times garnish their jests with passages they knew without book. Observing the soft moonlight outside, one suggested.

"We have a splendid moonlight! What, say you, gentlemen to take a stroll out for a while. I daresay it is early as yet."

"Magnificent!" cried many, as they looked out.

Kumaran also turned in his chair, and he found Karman and Keshab, who had evidenty waited long to snatch an audience with their lord.

"Have you succeeded? Is *he* silenced for ever?" whispered Kumaran as the unpleasant recollections of the evening crossed his memory.

"He *is* silenced for *ever*, my lord!" said Keshab in subdued tones. Kumaran did not observe their pale faces.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Kumaran, as he felt a load to be lifted off from his heart.

"Shall we go out to enjoy the moonlight?" appealed a friend to Kumaran.

"With pleasure, if all of you are willing" he replied.

They rose to go; and Keshab and Karman thought t was impossible to communicate the intelligence to their lord that night.

The lord of Ragmar, lest he should be anxious at their absence, was informed of the intention by his son. As they stepped out, one gentleman whispered to the young host who was a bosom friend of his, that a moonlight drink would be welcome to the party. He caught at the idea, and ordered a servant to take some choice bottles of the best produce, to the mount a couple of furlongs off.

"How far shall we go?" asked one among them.

"The mount, you see a couple of furlongs off, is carpeted with soft turf, and commands a fine view. Shall we go so far?" asked the host.

Silently they acquiesced, and reached the spot.

"Gentleman!" said the aristocrat who had suggested a drink; "Forgive me if without your formal consent and sanction I have organized, with the help of our kind host, a moonlight party in honour of this happy occasion. Gentlemen! I appeal to you to join me in drinking some choice cups to the health, prosperity and happiness of our friend the bride-groom." This was delivered in english.

As was to be expected, the proposal was gladly welcomed by all. They sat on the turf in a circle; and the revelry began, the servant playing the part of Hebe. Conversation grew loose and noisy; all drinking to one another's health, and proposing toasts in short speeches, simultaneously.

"A song, a song!" cried one. All joined in chorus.

At this juncture a servant made his appearance on the scene. "Well?" they asked.

"My lord is awaiting your lordships." he said humbly.

"Let him go to sleep. Why should he wait for us; his son is here," said one.

"Shall we not go to bed," pleaded the host

"To bed! this is the best bed in the world; the turf is as downy as a feather bed; the blue vault of the sky is as good a canopy—" cried another.

"Consider public consequent on finding us sleeping here!" said the host, sorry for the effects of the moon-light party.

"Public opinion shall not, cannot slander us. We are sons of aristocrats, whether we sleep on downy beds, or turfed mounts." replied another.

"Let Kumaran go to the mansion; we shall not," cried another, and some fell on their backs, rolling on the soft turf.

"Nay, nay, up with you" cried one among them, a little saner than the rest. "Remember we are guests."

At last they stood upon their feet, advanced some steps, and some fell down, unable to maintain the equilibrium.

"Fetch some servants immediately! and take care not to attract notice!" ordered the host to the servant, who sped to execute the commands. A batch of men arrived, and helped those who were unable to support themselves.

Kumaran was not hopelessly tipsy; and led by the host's arm, he was taken to the mansion, and from thence to the nuptial chamber where he was deposited in a chair.

By the bed-stead he espied the fair form of Liela, standing in graceful timidity.

"Ah!" he cried and his eyes sparkled. "Come near my Liela, come near."

She did not move

"Sweet Liela, do not be so bashful." And he advanced towards her. One step, and he knocked against the table and would have fallen down, but for the aid of Liela, who restored him back to the chair. He did not leave her hand.

"I hear you are a poet, and a scholar."

Liela replied not a word. Suddenly he wheeled round and snatched a ki-s from her. She broke away from him with a look of horror.

"Drunk?" she asked involuntarily in disgust.

"Not drunk, I assure you. But come, come" and he ran towards her—and rolled heavily on the floor. Liela fell on the bed, and burst into sobs, as she saw him vainly trying to regain his balance. She was married to a sot!

For some time he muttered vague words; and gradually fell asleep. Liela knew not what to do; hot tears streamed fast from her eyes. The dim vision of an unhappy future rose before her.

Unconsciously sleep stole over her; night advanced; and she was wrapped in deep slumber, when thundering knocks banged on the doors of the nuptial chamber. Liela awoke and asked.

"Who knocks?"

"Myself," replied the lord of Ragmar.

Hastily she opened the doors.

"Poor Liela" he murmured in sorrowful tones

"What has happened, father?" she asked in dismay.

"Nothing. Where is Kumaran?"

A faint blush mantled her cheeks; and with silent fingers she pointed out the prostrate drunkard.

With feelings of loathing and anger, he snatched a bowl of water, and dashed the contents unmercifully on his face. Kumaran rose

"Where am I? What do you want?" he asked rubbing his eyes.

"You are wanted by the Police," replied the lord of Ragmar.

"Police!" ejaculated Kumaran turning pale. The sleep vanished in a moment.

"Why, father?" asked Liela clinging to his arm.

"I have nothing to do with the Police" replied Kumaran "Ask them to go off."

"To go off!" echoed his father-in-law, "If you do not go to them, they will violate the sanctty of the chamber to arrest you."

"To arrest me?" he asked. "What have I done to be arrested.?

"They have got a warrant to arrest you for the murder of Sahadev"

"Who can have murdered him? not I, not I; I swear before you, that I am not his murderer. I do not know about it"

"They will arrest you, whether you have committed the murder or not. And so the sooner you go to them the better" said the lord of Ragmar with brutal simplicity.

"Oh! save me! save me from the ignominy of being arrested. Tell them I am not here, or anything to satisfy them. Oh! do not deliver me up to them I beg you, I pray you, let me hide, let me hide." And he shrank under the bedstead.

"Coward!" he murmured.. A gentle look of reproach flashed from the eyes of Liela. She could not believe that her husband was a murderer.

"Nay, nay, they will not arrest you. They want to see you here. Nothing more," said the lord of Ragmar.

"Ha! is it so? is it so? they won't arrest me? But why should they see me?" added Kumaran dubiously.

"To prove that owing to your presence here, you could not possibly murder a person at Mabaral, on the same night," said the lord of Ragmar.

"Is that all? We shall see them. No fear" and he hastened out.

"My lord, you are arrested for having a hand in the culpable homicide amounting to murder of Sahadev" and they slipped on him a pair of hand-cuffs

"Betrayed!" shrieked Kumaran.

"I told you they had come to arrest you; you would not go to them; you thought they would believe me if I said that the bridegroom on the nuptial night was not here! Cunning scoundrel to have become my son-in-law after a horrible murder. Out with you! and let me never see your face again."

With a drooping head Kumaran was led away into darkness; and Liela buried her head in her hands, and wept in silent sorrow.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH MORALISTS

The problem of the relation of human morals to literary art has long been the subject of great debate. There have been two extreme views with regard to the compatibility of the ethical with the aesthetical. Sir Philip Sidney went so far in his apology for poesy as to state that poetry was a better teacher of morals then philosophy or history. On the other hand we have enthusiasts of artistic creation in literature who assert that art can have nothing whatever in its essential character to do with human morals, that art is for its own sake. This complete divorcing of art from the ethical significance, it has not been difficult to prove, to be inherently absurd. If art is for art's sake, it has been put, the bulls may set up a cry that they are only for the bulls' sake and so on. There can be nothing produced by the human mind which has not some vital relation to the conditions of the human existence. No art can interest man which does not imply some sympathetic reflections upon his earthly existence. The ideas of human existence themselves need not be regarded as being narrowed by too many barriers. They can soar wide and high. But the essence of human existence is a subservience to a moral order. Literary art cannot concern itself with the ideas of human existence without some effort at the interpretation of the moral order.

The most disquieting circumstance in the attempts to harmonise the aesthetic and ethic values in literature, is the apparently inverse success mutually of the two in literary works. In the criticism of literary works their ethical and aesthetic values have been separately judged and the implication has also been made that the aesthetic and the ethic values of a work are generally opposed to each other. The general agreement favours an ingenious graph in the mutual relations. A complete divorce or contradiction of the moral basis starts at a low graph in

the region of artistic achievement and passes on to the highest point where the ethical basis is only subtly and indirectly implied, and descends again to a low graph where the ethical basis is too apparent and marked. However mathematically this changing graph may be worked out in practice, and however successful it may seem in the practical application to specific works of literature there is something essentially false in such a conception. It prevents the attainment of that complete harmony between philosophy and literature which we instinctively feel, should be.

The mutual contrariety between the ethical and the aesthetical values so often presumed will seem to be due to an incorrect understanding of the ethical basis of human existence. Evil and good have not been properly distinguished from each other, nor the moral and the immoral.

One peculiar circumstance about literary critics has been that their instinct has always proved more true and correct than their reason. Whatever misunderstanding they have possessed of the nature of good and evil and however incorrectly they have associated it with the aesthetic significance, they have always felt and owned the supreme success of literary performances whose striking faithfulness to the correct understanding of the ethical basis they do not suspect.

Taking concrete examples we may consider the frequent contrasts indulged in between Chaucer and Langland, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It is said that Chaucer is eminently an artist and that Langland's spoil is his dead earnestness and burning zeal for morality. But a more accurate explanation will lie in recognising that Chaucer has a more complete sense of the ethical basis of human life than Langland, Chaucer distinguishes aright between good and evil while Langland cannot. Langland yearns indeed for morality and purity but has no correct philosophic understanding of what is evil and immoral. Chaucer

achieves the aesthetical as well as the ethical success of his literary work at one stroke by possessing a proper insight into the inseparable relation between the good and the evil and the obvious means by which the transition from the evil to the good is bridged while Langland fails by divorcing evil entirely from the good and passing an unrelieved condemnation on it. The world of Langland's creation is ethically as impossible as it is a failure artistically. The moral basis of human existence never allows of a human character being entirely evil in composition, of being the personified essence of an evil, and Langland fails just because in his moral zeal he creates creatures of imagination that can have no real existence. The aesthetical success of a literary work will thus seem to be essentially also an ethical success. This ethical success will depend for its impressiveness, on its truthfulness to the ethical foundations of humanity. This truthfulness will generally depend on the completeness or comprehensiveness of the reflection of the varied types of human existence. Thus creative literature of the type of the drama and the novel which have artistically the greatest value afford also the largest scope for a souud presentment of the ethical order of man.

It is clear from the history of English literature that the association of the ethic with the aesthetic has constantly run in the minds of its creative artists as well as critics. In the preface to Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* Caxton writes: "all is written for our doctrine and for to beware that we shall not to vice or sin, but to exercise and follow virtue." When Spenser wrote his Faerie Queene he believed in a moral purpose: "The general end of all the book is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline . . . . . . I labour to portray in Arthur, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private moral virtues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve books." Lyly makes a similar statement in his preface to

"Euphues": I have set down the follies of his wit without breach of modesty and the sparks of his wisdom without suspicion of dishonesty." He also defines the scope of creative literary art: "For as every painter that shadoweth a man in all parts, giveth every piece his just proportion, so he that deciphereth the qualities of the mind, ought as well to show every humour in his kind, as the other doth every part in his colour." Addison himself states in the *Spectator*. "I shall endeavour to enliven Morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short transient intermittent starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies follow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee houses."

Of controversial critics we take note of Stephen Gosson who burst into his foolish "School of Abuse" which excited in reply Sidney's "Apology." We have later Jeremy Collier condemning even the introduction of evil characters in dramas. But Sidney's more able successor in the defence of literary art is Milton who incidentally points out in the Areopagitica how the knowledge and study of what is evil is of value in the fashioning of virtue. Milton states: "Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably." He says again, "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, th never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that

immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat." In the 18th century Pope formulates:

The proper study of mankind is man.

In the nineteenth century Wordsworth exemplified in his poetic practice the faithful reflection of the essence of the moral existence of man. The cult of beauty was fervently cherished in the age and the poets seemed to come near a notion that the highest literary art would be unmoral if not immoral. We have again a thinker like Ruskin who insisted on a complete identification of the ethically good with the aesthetically good.

II

Who are the English moralists? We should say the greatest masters of English literature are also the greatest moralists. Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, Dryden and Pope, Wordsworth and Tennyson are all great literary artists as well as great moralists. A close examination of the creative literary work of these poets with regard to pointing out their ethical value is obviously too vast a task to be attempted here. But under 'English Moralists" we shall here pass in review a class of comparativety second-rate writers, who have attempted an exposition of the ethical foundations of human society in an abstract and direct manner, and by fragments rather than by a performance of an all-comprehensive character. Such direct expositors are most numerous among the essayists. Fragmentary efforts to offer an exposition of the moral order of man best fit in with the form of the essay. In this class of moralists will be included Lyly, Bacon, Addison, Steele, Johnson, Goldsmith, Lamb, Carlyle and Ruskin. Lyly, it will be remembered, though writing a novel in his "Euphues" really strings together only a series of moral discourses. Lyly's teachings are of the loftiest ideals and if his work leaves no strong impression it is due to the want of the consummate depicting of virtue and vice which they so obviously require. Bacon is

different from Lyly. He is as matter of fact as Lyly is idealistic. Bacon treated the study of human morals in the same light as he treated other departments of knowledge. He instinctively applied for the elucidation of moral principles his method of inductive inference which was bound to fail him to achieve the profoundest results in this province. An active politician of his time, Bacon enjoyed remarkable opportunities of observing human nature and all his precious utterances which may be mistaken for absolute moral teaching are really of mere wisdom to profit by, in getting on in life.

Before we come to Addison we may pause for a moment to notice an inevitable connection between moral teaching and satire. The mere unrelieved satiric vein is unjustifiable. The proper holding in check of this satiric vein by an element of broad and sympathetic humanity is the key to the glory of the master-geniuses. It is thus that Horace is a better moralist than Juvenal, and Addison better than Dryden. The opposite fault to unrelieved satire is in the tainted literature of the restoration age when good life and mirth were thought absolutely incompatible.

Addison's work is unsurpassed in its moral worth. His ideals were essentially different from those of Bacon. The latter concentrated on the problems of tne giddy career of an ambitious politician, while Addison wrote for the broadest humanity. Addison possessed another advantage in the plan of his literary work over Bacon. He passed from abstract formulations of ethical principles to the citing of concrete illustrations. In his essay writing is imbedded the germ of creative art which adds considerably to his moral impressiveness. Addison's kindly sympathy and good humour—though often affected—are points contributing to his success as a moralist.

Mention must have been made of Richard Steele earlier than Addison for in most of the things accomplished by

Addison, Steele was the gifted and talented pioneer. Steele's own life has a pathetic relation to his mission and success as a moralist in literature. Steele was often unable to resist the temptations to which he was exposed but his nobility lay in his quick repentance. In writing the little book called the *Chiristian Hero* Steele tells us that he wrote it "with a design principally to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable pleasures." From Steele and Addison we pass to Dr. Johnson whose literary work, it may be noted, is not of as high value as his personal reputation may imply. But in his own time he was a great moralist in life as well as in his writings. His humanity, love and tenderness for the wretched and the sinful, and his hatred of all shams singled him out as the great moralist. But his writings were not quite so appealing. The Latinished idiom of his prose is heavy to the reader. His love of abstract expression is an uninviting feature of his work. He is himself conscious of this. He mentions in the *Rambler* his critics who were offended whenever they met with a speculation in which naked precepts are comprised without the illustration of examples and characters. After Johnson Goldsmith claims our attention. As a creative artist he is high as a moralist. But here we shall refer only to his essays which have had a lasting charm. The lightness of touch contrasted with the quality of Johnson's writing, and the quiet humour and pathos of the essays make them nearly perfect. And all this charm has a supreme moral value The *Man in Black* is as charming as it is touching as a moral piece.

We may also note that since the time of Steele and Addison an intimate relation has been established between humour and a wholesome moral sense. Before Steele a specious sence of the ludicrous was cultivated in the association of vice by writers like Congreve. But this association has since been impossible and all our later

humourists have been unfailingly sound as moralists when writers like Goldsmith and Lamb entertain us with consummately described situations of the ludicrous, frivolous in themselves, the effect is largely due to an exhibition of a disturbed moral balance, you either laugh at a weakness and failing or at an excess of good sentiments. As long as we never laugh with a vice or at a virtue, the humour of our later writers is calculated only to strengthen the moral sense. Thus Lamb's "Reverie on Dream Children" and *Dissertation on Roast Pig* would seem sound entertainment from a moral point of view. His essay on *Poor Relations* is again an exquisite delineation of the struggling moral sense in the domestic sphere. From Lamb to Carlyle we pass to a diametrically opposed nature. Carlyle thought Lamb but a fool. This opinion is probably sufficiently significant of the morbid judgment of Carlyle. He was shocked and in a sense shattered by the sin of the world. He was however something of a prophet and he served to warn England against immoral materialism and he pointed out that the increasing of the material comforts of man would not mean at all the salvation for humanity. After Carlyle, Ruskin has the same zeal for the well being of humanity and is calmer and more clear-headed in its problems. Ruskin's literary work has an infectious softness and sweetness. His capacity for pure delight in Nature and in the art production of man widen the appeal of his writings. His discourses on art and his efforts to associate completely the truthful with the beautiful are perennially his. Though peculiarly alive to the vices of the age, Ruskin was an optimist as Carlyle was not.

By way of conclusion to this by no means exhaustive treatment of the subject, we may state that there can be no kind of contrariety between ethics and aesthetics as far as they relate to literature. A proper philosophic conception of the ethical basis of humanity is invariably followed by literary and artistic success. Literature reproduces with a wonderful insight the moral basis of human existence and attract man by its very truthfulness. Literature covers the entire range of the moral principles of man as no actual experience of a single man can and therein possesses a rare value. It is not without profound truth that it is asserted that a proper literary education is also a possible excellent training towards a moral end.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

THE INDIAN DEFENCE FORCE.

Whence hath this dejection befallen thee in this perilous strait, ignoble, heaven—closing, infamous, O Arjuna?

Yield not to impotence, O Partha! it doth not befit thee.
Shake oft this paltry faint-heartedness!
Stand up, Parantapa. *Gita.*

OF all the professions in the world military service is the most honourable one. A man is made a real man only by military training. In the army he has to do his work himself and he is taught to lead a simple and economical life. Most of all he gets his body developed and learns to serve his country as a true son. Thus true manliness is cultivated. There is no disgrace in doing one's duty oneself however mean it appears to be. Even the highest officers in the army toil. True economy is taught only in the army. Theortical economy is learnt from books and practical economy is taught in the army. But military service is not an easy joke. At first it is very hard to experience. But within a very short period all can learn that there is no other profession in the world in which they can lead such a free, pleasant, jolly life. If such is the case with the illiterate people of the regular army imagine what a pleasant jolly life the literate of the I. D. F. will enjoy. Here I shall give you a short account of the life of the I. D. F., B. Company in its training at Trichinopoly

At first it was a very hard thing to rise up early in the morning at 5 O'clock with the first bugle. But, within fifteen days the good custom of early rising came to easy practice and was not felt as a difficult thing. More-over we were a company of jolly good friends. We were to put on our kakhi uniform and take bread, butter, sugar and coffee and, go to parade which commenced exactly at 6 O'clock. For the first fifteen days we had a light parade—'squad drill' and 'marching" Soon we were supplied with rifles and taught 'rifle exercises' and

'extended order' within the first month of our course. Then we were taught the names of the various parts of the rifle and its mechanism. During the second month we did 'platoon drill', 'muzzle exercise' which enabled us to raise and keep the rifle steady and, 'aiming'. Firing commenced from the second week of the third month. We got a high percentage of marks in firing and all the officers were thoroughly satisfied with our learning the art so quickly and so easily. But it is not a very difficult thing for educated people. Further we read books on 'Infantry training', 'Musketry regulations', 'platoon drill', 'company drill' etc. After firing we learned 'company drill', 'bayonet fighting', 'Guard duty'; 'scouting' 'tent pitching', 'trench fighting', 'signalling' and 'out post'. Mock fights also were held during the third month and during that time we were supplied blank cartridges. Every day we had physical drill, the finest drill possible. We were posted as sentries in our barracks. For every time there were six sentries—four to the four blocks and two to the two flanks. For every post there were three men they did their duty by turns—two hours for each. Every man got his turn once in fifteen days. Their duty was to keep watch throughout day and night and not allow any outsider to get in and any troopsman to go out without permission during the night. We were taught to talk Hindustani, the popular language of India and were obliged to play at the manly games of football, hockey and cricket. Every man should be present at the roll-call at 8 O'clock in the night. As all of us were educated a reading room was also kept with all papers and journals of the day. We were treated most honourably by our superior officers. As for the messing arrangements we felt quite at home. Within ourselves we formed a mess committee by which our requirements were fulfilled. There were four Messes each managed separately by a separate committee, (1) the Brahmin mess, (2) the Non-Brahmin vegetarian mess (3) The Malabarian mess, (4) the

Cosmopolitan mess, in which we were supplied coffee in the morning, meals in the noon, lunch in the evening and meals in the night. When we were at leisure we spent our time in singing, dancing, playing cards and other jolly modes of spending away one's time. When we were discharged we were in the deepest sorrow for having to part from a jolly company of friends!

By enlisting ourselves in the I. D. F. we get a military training, we learn to handle the rifle, we come in contact with several castes from all the districts of the presidency and above all we prove ourselves that we are the true sons of our Mother-land. Will it not be a disgrace on our part to see our Mother-country crushed and trodden by Prussian militarism if the Prussians were to come over here? But God forbid it! You know that the war is carried on in the most brutal manner in contempt of all laws of humanity. All of us know the damage caused by the German cruiser '*Emden*' in the Pacific ocean. The mere sighting of a German submarine means death for hundreds. This shocks the Neutrals and arouses fresh bitterness and hatred in the enemy. A Swiss paper denounces the German crime and says:—"It is monstrous to maintain that armed forces have a right to murder civilians but that civilians are guilty of a crime in defending themselves." Another Swiss paper asks:—"What will the maritime neutral countries think of the principle in obedience to which Germany has shot Captain Fryatt, the master of the great eastern railway company's steamship '*Brussels*'. The prime minister of England has said: "When we come to this end of war—which please God we may—we shall not forget, and we ought not to forget, this horrible record of calculated cruelty and crime." While such is the policy of Prussian Militarism it is obviouly necessary for us to get ourselves trained and thus adopt Lord Kitchner's Motto "Be prepared." Millions of our kinsmen have given up their lives nobly in the present war to justify the right cause of freedom.

We should have that patriotism to avenge our kinsmen. In no class can patriotism burn with a purer flame, or show itself in deeds of higher courage and self devotion, than in us who are the decendants of the world renowned Aryan heroes, Rama, Drona, Bishma, Arjuna, Bima, Kiiba and others. Why should not that heroic blood run in our veins? I doubt whether there is one of us to be found who is not resolved to defend himself to the last against the attack of a robber but if such a one there be, depend up on it, he will be cured by the last exihibition of German Civilisation. Only the educated men can learn the art very soon, as captain Grose remarked the first day as soon as he had taught us "attention," "I can make this B. company the best in India and the whole I. D. F. the best in the world" Such is the effect of the Military training to the educated class of people and these educated people should also, if they are true to their mother India, encourage others to follow them in enlisting themselves in the I. D. F They can also expect commissioned ranks. What-ever it may be those of us who are true sons of our Mother-land should prove ourselves so at the hour of our country's trial.

N. K. S.

"AS THEY STRIKE ME."

"But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless."

Byron.

At the Altar of Democracy!

Let memory shake the Kaleidascope and see what it presents to us vivid in delineation, fairy-like in their charms and pecock-like in their thousand hues! You are introduced to the most memorable scene before the Whitehall where the masked headsman held up before the shivering crowd their sovereign's bleeding head as the head of a traitor, and from behind the grim hedges of pikes and sabres, that shut in the black scaffold arose a long hoarse groan, the echoes where-of resounds in History even to this day! You see yourselves transported to the gay-streets, gay with the banners of the Republic, of Paris and bow your heads as Marie Antoinette is carried away to the murderous guillotine, with the proud pearly head of royal Louis pillowed on the treacherous iron. 'The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care; the brightness of these eyes is quenched, their lids drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the world The death-hurdle where thou sittest, pale, motion-less which only curses environ has to stop; a people drunk with vengeance will drink it again in full draught looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a mulitudinous sea of maniac heads; the air deaf with their triumph-yell. The living dead must shudder with yet one another pang; her startled blood again suffuses with the hue of agony, that pale face which she hides with her hands. . . . . . .

Thy path of thorns is nigh ended; one long look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light, where thy children shall not dwell Thy head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling and all its madness is behind thee"

Another shake of the mysterious Tube! The panorama moves on. The murder of the Gracchi Brothers, Sulla's 'proscription', the murder of Julius in the Senate, Caesar's body sheathed with the patriots' swords of sun's falling hue; the fate of noble Brutus at Philippi; Cato Uticensis perishing in Utica; the dreaming Cola di Rienzi sinking in his own gore at the Lion's Gate; [a Kaleidascope is not a chronometer] the great Athenian Orator, sucking the delicious poison from his renowned quill, as the emissaries of Antipater, drag his trembling body from the Altar of Poseidon, in the sea-girt Isle of Calauria; the rugged, rocky mausoleum of Leonidas and his 300 Spartiates, in the Thermopylean silent geyser; the blood-curdling last-shrieck from the Carnarvon, in a dark howlin: mid-night, reverberating through the "sound-box" of History; the murder, most villanous and unjust of the beautiful son of the Black Prince—all, all these pass in hurried succession, before our dazed and hypnotised orbs!

Now comes the news—melancholy, doleful news of the fate of Nicholas of Russia! Deprived of power, forced to abdicate his throne, the throne of the world, compelled, nay, condemned to live in the far off, desolate, dreary, uninhabitable, and inhospitable Siberia, destined to court the emcraces of the very men whom in full might and power his nod of assent or frown of displeasure consigned, rather comfined, in that cursed spot.

> "'Tis done—but yesterday a king!
> And arm'd with kings to strive—
> And now thou art a nameles thing:"

The life of a good and well-meaning but neadlessly vacillating man was prematurely closed by a pistol-shot, for the benefit, of a country, chaotic, anarchic, full of confusion and seething with discontent, disintergration and dismay—a Vesuvius in her most ferocious and frowing mood!

With chaos for an Architect the edifice would be a Babel!

*   *   *   *

Tsardom is over! We shall wait for Lenindom! Have we not seen Cromwell—dom, Napoleon-dom Caesar-dom Sulla-dom etc! A Saturnalia is not an Olympic Game!

*   *   *   *

The Great Fiend!

Democracy! Democracy! Say rather Tyrant Hell-hound, Ghoul, Gnome, Armegeddon How many have perished at thine Altar! Like fair Venus, with thy exterior loveable fascinating soul—entracing, thy interior, thy inner self horrible, hideous, repelling! O! Venus! how many monstrosities machinations and low-cunning lurk beneath thy fair form! Thou Circe's Cup that tranforms maddened man into horrible hyæna or the terrible tiger! Thou Temptress, luring the unwary and the dreamy, with thy siren-song! Thou great Kalahazar hurrying men to their doom, hurling monarchs from their pinnacle! Thou child of woe "I hear thee whispering unhollowed vows to Guilt"! O! Thou great Synonym for Poverty, Hunger Lust, Ambition, Chaos, Decay, Death! Democracy like Death,

"Lays its icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade"

*   *   *   *

Democracy! Where art thou and whence art thou?—"Nowhere but everywhere, Utopian yet not-Utopian. I come from the depths—out of the depths of Poverty, Misrule, Anarchy"!

*   *   *   *

Is England a Democracy? Do all the male—to be abreast with the times—the whole population, male and female, legislate in the House of Commons? "House of Commons"! what a sublime misnomer! I do not see the Commons of Great Britain, Tom, the chimney-sweep, Jack Keth, the constitutional hangsman, Jack, Jerry, or Jones, the haberdasher, the tailor, the barber, the dhoby and others. It is only a body of middle class men with well-lined purses, tactful, pushing whips and canvassers.

Then are the United States, the "Mighty Republic of the West" as they are pompously called, a Democracy? Do the painted Red Indian, the backwoodsman, the Negro setler, the hewer of wood and the drawer of water for the Olympian, the white citizen—do all these besides the many that go to make up that Grand Atlantic Union, sit in the Assembly, vote on any matter and pass legislations? No!

* * * *

What does Democracy mean? It is the rule of the Demos, like the city—states of antiquity for, and by the Demos. Save in the mountainous womb of Switzerland, in some far-off dreary, inaccessible clime where Nature repells any intruder, in the Sylvan sanctuary of classic fame, near the mighty oaks of Germany in the dawn of History, on the banks of the Weser, the Elbe and the Rhine of Tacitus, around the barbaric Altar of the painted Red Indian, on the Ohio or the Mississippi, with the Congo's quivered chief, even in the cave of Ali Baba and the romantic Sherwood glades of Robin Hood,—Democracy is impalpable. The fair Nymph never dances in the Halls of the "civilized" man, as the pompous, haughty and irreverant epithet goes. Civilization,—the boast of our age—and Democracy are not friends and co-mates but mortal enemies! Don't be startled! Read History aright, anew!

* * * *

In our own blessed and glorious Era of Democracy, we have not the real Democracy but only a mosaic of Autocracy, Plutocracy, Oligarchy, of wealth as well as of

intellect, Monarchy at its worst and Mobocracy to some extent and every other imaginable and blessed "Ocracies"; it is not Democracy we find, nowadays, but Some– Ocracy! Confound not Democracy with Representative Government! It is only verbal concubinage and alphabetical alchemy to call this mess, Democracy!

* * * *

"The truth is" to quote, Lord Byron from his letter to Moore "in these days, the grand *primum mobile* of England is cant; *cant political*, [Italics ours] cant poetical cant religious, cant moral, but always cant multiplied through all the varities of life".

* * * *

The mighty Irony.

The Tsar was shot like a ruffian, a common felon! The ordinary felon will have to go through a regular trial, though not always impartial. The mightiest monarch was murdered, crushed like vermin! You demand for a writ of Habeas, you demand for a trial, you cry yourself hoarse for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—the never-dying Hydra-heads of a democrat, I will not say a demogogue! Yet a monarch was shot; Lord's anointed was laid low! Sing thou Silent Statue before the White-House, sing of your glory now!

* * * *

Scotched but not killed!

Tsardom has fallen, but O! wonder, it will rise again Phoenix-like from its ashes and deluge the world! Rome after Caesar, England after Cromwell, France after Louis, will as long as History remains, proclaim prophetic wisdom, like the Egyptian Necromancer of old, reading from the black unguent in his palm! "Tomorrow thou shalt meet me at Philippi" and Brutus accepting the invitation, repeats, confused, "Why, I will see thee at Philippi" . . . . Yes, Caesar may go, but Caesarism will not; it exited, exists, and will exist as long as the mountains and rivers endure, as long as humanity is not changed into a Baboon!

Such is the terrible logic of Revolutions!

The Calcutta University, rather the controllers of that "pocket borough" have decided to award a medal for "spoken English"! Many welcome this proposal. I think that this curious step is against all the laws of Psychology, Biology, Zoology, and against all the silent professorial wisdom of Nature, plants and trees!

The wisdom of Bengal!

We may say without any fear of contradiction that we, Indians, easily acquire more proficiency in a foreign tongue however difficult the curricula of studies may be, than any foreigner can ever hope to master our languages! Language is to express thought. When *that* we have achieved, is not this new coup unnecessary and sheer waste, of energy and of money?

* * * *

Who is to teach the correct pronunciation when Annandale, Chambers and Webster, do not agree with one another; when no two standard Dictionaries give a uniform pronunciation; when America differs from England, as much as the colonies from the mother country —nay, when even in the British Isles there is not one standard uniform pronunciation?

* * * *

The new scheme is for the "post-graduates"! Have you ever heard of a tree in its full growth, bent down like a twig; of a grown-up lion, fresh from the woods brought into the Circus Ring for the performance, instead of one trained from its infancy; a stallion new to the coach harnessed without previous "breaking" when he was colt? Yet the University near the Hoogly—I do not say Hooglian—attempts at such a thing! O! Impotence of mind!

* * * *

I should like to add one more word;--will that University condescend to hear me? The whole body of Europeans in India, learning the Indian Vernaculars, cut them limb from limb, mutiltate them, torture them,

in pronunciation. Will they, the University authorities create new chairs for Vernacular professors of Phonetics? Surely what is sauce to the goose cannot be poison to the gander!

A much desired Reform.

Coeval with many of the oldest Colleges of the Presidency, second to none in efficieny and in the brilliant galaxy of statesmen, poets, educationists and intellectual giants on her record, situated on the banks of the sacred Cauvery—'the sedgey and weedy Cam' of the South Indian "Cambridge"—it is a great pity that she should be relegated to a secondary position, destined to live in company with the Institutions of mushroom growth! She has no Honours class!

Right in the centre of the Brahmins, rearing its proud spires and lording it over the surrounding districts—lands flowing with milk and honey, and teeming with the hives of an industrious, ambitious and intelligent people—she is denied of an Honours class! She is to train men and hand over to other Institutions her most intelligent men; the laurels of her sons are not to deck her glorious brow! —Hers is not to demur!

Oh! if her right were but recognised, if her petitions were not treated as "empty air", if only the ardent wishes of her adorers were heeded to, how many of our brothers, the children of the "granary of South India" and the adjoining regions would have rushed to her shrine! How many would learn at her feet, drink deep the Pierian Spring preserving a healthy mind and a healthy body instead of succumbing to the deadly feverish clime of Madras! O! How many of the average parents—parents not wealthy—would gladly make their sons, adorers of Sri Saraswati!

PLUMS AND PRUNES.

"In modern times the name of Plassy, so celebrated in Indian History, is nothing more than the *Palas* (Sanskrit; *Poras*—Tamil) or Palassie, the Hindustani, name for this beautiful tree. The natives are very fond of offering the flowers in their temples; and the women, by intertwining the rich scarlet blossoms in their hairs."

Plassy.

G. DON. ROXB. AINSLIE.

"By-the-Bye, we may observe here that Cromwell himself though no historian seems to have noted the fact, aspired to the peerage. That is why he married Elizabeth Bouchier, whose peerage has become extinct in 1471, and of a Bouchier, Lord Robesart, another peerage extinct in 1429. Carried on with the formidable increase of important events he found the suppression of a king the shorter way to power than the recovery of a peerage."

Cromwell.

VICTOR HUGO.

"Read that breviary of my wisdom and you will see what it is to be a lord. A lord is one who exists above his own nature. A lord is one who has when young the rights of an old man; when old the success in intrigue of a young one; if vicious, the homage of respectable people; if a coward, the command of brave men; if a do-nothing, the fruits of labour; if ignorant, the diploma of Oxford or Cambridge; if a fool, the admiration of poets; if ugly, the smiles of women; if a Thersites, the helm of Achilles; if a hare, the skin of a lion. Do not mis-understand me"

A Peer.

URSUS, THE PHILOSOPHER TO GWYNPLAINE,
THE MEDUSA HILARIOUS.

"There is one big obstacle in our path. We are enamoured of 'degrees'. The very life seems tor hang upon passing an examination and obtaining a degree It sucks the nation's life-blood. . . . If therefore we become free from the bondage of the 'degree', many private institutions could be carried on. No Government can possibly take charge of the whole of a nation's education."

The Craze for the 'degrees'

M. K. GANDHE.

" In my opinion, if in this country instead of devoting our pecuniary resources to ornamenting our schools and colleges, beyond the capacity of this poor country, we are to devote them to imparting primary education, under teachers who are well-trained, upright, sobered by age, in hygienic conditions ; we should in a short time have tangible results. Even if the salaries of the teachers were doubled, we could not obtain the desired results."

Ornamentation and, salaries, in Schools.

M. K. GANDHE.

EDUCATIONAL IDEALS

It is, perhaps, remarkable that so few books have been written in India on Modern Educational tendencies, though the press and journals are full of articles on educational topics. Hardly a week passes in the west but some addition is made to the already large literature on the subject, but India seems more content to enjoy educational controversies in the press rather than to produce seasonable books of educational criticism etc.

More than this it is customary for the Indian press constantly to refer to the happenings of the educational worlds of America and England, to the draft bills for education in those countries, very often forgetting that not only is the analogy very doubtful, but also that the very educational terms themselves mean different things in different countries. For example "Secondary Education" means something quite different in England to what it does in India. Again the consideration of educational problems in England is always relative to the special class or community from which particular students come, but in India the educational problem is reduced practically to a unit. All boys whether they are to become lawyers or artisans are treated of alike. For example take the school-going age. In India no distinction is made between the boy who is to become a Vakil and the boy who is to leave his studies early and turn to agriculture, in the matter of the age at which they go to school. Whereas in England the boy who is going to rely on his brains to earn him his daily bread does not generally go to school until eight or nine, while the labouring class boy will go to school at five or six.

In these days when industrial education is in everybody's minds it is essential that such differentiations should be clearly recognised. That the object aimed at in the education of each particular unit of the community be

plainly realised. It is diastrous to allow all sections of the population to squeeze through the same educational machine, and then too late to look around for proper empolyment of such products.

It is true, as previously stated, that few modern books on education in India have been published, but the old convocation addresses make valuable reading in the light of recent criticism of the educational system. Of all the old addresses that of Mr. PORTER seems to realise most the true educational ideal, *ie* the training of good manly citizens. In his convocation address delivered on April 10th 1873 he said "The critics of the Hindu student set up too high a standard. They compare him not with the graduates of England or Scotland or Germany, but with an ideal man who loves culture purely for its own sake and into whose mind never enters in connection with his studies, any idea of personal aggrandisement, either of money or of fame. This perfect character of which perhaps rare specimens can be found, is not, I venture to say, the type of the ordinary undergraduate in any country known to geographers. To find this high ideal you must make a voyage to the kingdon of New Atalantis, that glorious dream of Bacon's, where as we are told they trade not for silver and gold but for knowledge and light. One evil of this impossible standard is that with a want of logic which is not uncommon, people are apt to conclude that because there is a large balance of alloy, there is no precious metal whatever.

The failure to reach the lofty ideal being conspicuous, it is argued that the nobler elements are altogether wanting. Thus it is that the commonest reproach that is flung at our students is that they have no real interest in knowledge for its own sake. It is perfectly true that the hope of advancement is the original mot ve which sends so many boys to our schools. It is equally true that the majority of our students have to turn their knowledge to immediate use as means of living. But after both these admis-

sions I emphatically deny the inference commonly made from them that there is no love of knowledge. In fact the character of our students has been painted by persons who had only a superficial acquaintance with them.'

Truly has it been said that Porter knew his students well. His whole address breathes the spirit of accurate knowledge of the people he worked with. Not merely the boy in the class room, but the boy in the playing fields, the boy in his home, his hopes, his difficulties, his limitations and his possibilities. One secret of good educational work, which is so often neglected is to first know and understand your material before you operate on it.

The address of the Hon. T Muthuswami Aiyar delivered on March 23rd 1882 is an excellent example of the realisation of the width of true education. General knowledge, character, physical wellbeing, and adherence to duty, are all considered as important as mere book study.

To use one's knowledge in the service of one's country is the highest ideal. "In the gown and the hood" he says "which you have been authorised to wear you should recognise a badge of common service in the cause of your country, and a bond of brotherhood between you and those who advance the interests of civilisation, and you should forget all differences in caste or creed, in social position, rank or wealth."

The educational ideal of the nation as distinct from that of the individual was well stated by Lord Napier in his convocation Address delivered on April 2nd 1868 "What then" he said "does the higher education promise to the people of this country.? To what aims and ends does the road conduct on which you have planted your footsteps? The higher English education will give you, 1. A new basis of national unity. 2. A. better knowledge of your own country. 3. Self Government, the Government of India by Indians in a modified form.

4. A participation in the general intellectual movement of the world now and hereafter."

The necessity of coupling religion with true education was not forgotten in the addresses. Raja Sir. T. Madhava Rao said "a generous toleration and brotherly feeling to all are great duties. Some religion is better than none." Contrast this wide-minded statement with the following taken from the Madras Native herald of 1845. "Here brethren in juxtaposition to ourselves are a hundred million of fellowcreatures, over whose heads century after century and Government after government have rolled, and left them physically and spiritually degraded, ignorant of the commonest facts of the globe we live on, of the commonest rules of social and family morality, of the lowest principles of individual honour and history, filled, to use the apostle's awful but exact catalogue, "filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." Apart form the absence of Christian toleration one wonders where the law of libel has hidden itself. The following passage leaves one dumb "Oh Brahmans! what will be the end of ye all? I can say what the end of Brahmans will be from the glorious words of Christ. "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell."

A great educational truth is embodied, in a brief sentence of the address of Lt Colonel W. Hughes Hallett. "Be manly. Book-learning alone never yet made a nation and never will. Be manly."

The ideal of a healthy body, upon which so mueh attention is concentrated in the west, is almost everywhere neglected in India. Boys in Kumbakonam are allowed to attend school and College in a state of health which

would not be tolerated for an hour in an English school or college. The body is sacrificed to the mind, with the almost inevitable result that the body collapses just when the mind is ripest. The words of Rai Bahadur P. Ranganadha Mudaliyar though spoken 28 years ago are just as applicable to-day. "I find" he said "from the records of the University that 2092 graduated in arts up to march 1889, and that of these no less than 118 have passed away, 1 out of every 18. Among the Masters of Arts the rate of mortality is one out of every nine, among the bachelors of law one out of every eight, among bachelors of medicine and masters of Surgery one out of every seven. These figures are such as to cause the gravest anxiety. What is peculiarly painful is that the higher the academical standard attained, the greater is the rate of mortality, indicating that the physical energies have collapsed under the strain of higher studies. It behoves you to take warning betimes, and to guard against the fatal error of your mental growth so far outrunning your physical growth as to endanger bodily health and even life itself. It is said that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Of the Hindu boy it will be truer to say all work and no play makes him a feeble boy. Hindu boys all but few except, need still to be taught the art of "losing time wisely." With a variety of examinations to pass, with the high pres-sure methods of imparting instruction in vogue, and with a hereditary aptitude for conning things by heart, the Hindu youth is sorely tempted to pore over his books day and night forgetting that he has a bodily frame to build up as well as a mind to stock with knowledge. Such utter disregard of physical health must produce the most disastrous results, feebleness, want of spirits, functional derangement, premature arrest of bodily growth, if not death itself. "This over-education" 'says, Herbert Spencer' is vicious in every way, vicious as giving knowledge that will soon be forgotton, vicious as producing a disgust for knowledge, vicious as

neglecting that organisation of knowledge which is more important than its acquisition, vicious as weakening or destroying that energy without which a trained intellect is useless, vicious as entailing that ill-health for which even success would not compensate, and which makes failure doubly bitter."

It is a terrible thought that after 30 years this indictment still holds good. The scholarship holders in this college are notorious for their size or lack of size, and more tragic still the number of students of the college who have alreadylost their fathers is very large. This last fact is absolutely against nature. In England where men marry late it might be expected, but in India where boys marry the father should live to see his sons at college. The average parent seems to be dying between forty and fifty, an age which, in the west, is almost the prime of life. In a town like Kumbakonam the danger of disease and ill-health is ever present, and unless the students takes regular exercise and carefully tends his body he cannot hope to escape infection. "How is it possible', says Ranganadha Mudaliyar "for people to be healthy when their houses are ill ventilated, when their towns have narrow streets reeking with noxious odours from accumulated garbage, when the water they drink and the air they breathe contain the germs of disease and death ?"

COLLEGE NOTES.

Our congratulations are due to Rao Sahib C. R. Lakshmivaraha Iyengar. He richly derserves his title and is a worthy Old Boy of the College.

* * * * *

It is with regret we note the retirement of the Hon Mr. J. H. Stone. It is true that Mr Porter has accrued to himself most of the glory that enshrines this College, but in our humble opinion the work of Mr. Stone as Principal of Kumbakonam was the most important in the history of the administration of the college. A new life was given to games, to the activities of the college societies. Dramas were annually enacted, and most of the cost was met from Mr. Stone's own pocket. He mingled freely with the students and created a corporate life in the college. We wish him long life and happiness in retirement.

* * * * *

We record with regret the death of the following students of the college during the academical year 1917—18: S. Sreenivasan, and P. Kuppusami. The former was a scholarship holder and the later a good sportsman and actor. The college bemoans the loss of both the young men.

* * * * *

The college has reason to feel proud that the Principal was made a second Lieutenant recently. Mr. Statham is in the Indian Army special reserve of staff officers and was attached to the supply and transport Depot at Madras where he worked during the college summer vacation to the sacrifice of a much-needed rest.

* * * * *

We have great pleasure in welcoming to our midst three new Assistant lecturers who have joined the college staff this year. Mr. K. C. Veeraraghava Ayyar, late Principal of the Hindu college Tinnevelly and Fellow of the Chemical Society of London is the new addition to the department of Chemistry in this college. Mr. S. Venkatachari for

the History department and Mr. P. V. Subramania Ayyar for Philosophy have also now joined the college staff.

* * * * *

Mr. A. Raghava Ayyar who has been Assistant lecturer in Philosophy for over six years in the college has been transferred to the Presidency college. He had so endeared himself to his students and colleagues that he was bidden good-bye with a heavy heart, when in obedience to the official orders he left for Madras.

* * * * *

R. Vaithyanathan of the senior B. A. class who has taken a first class in the English examination deserves our hearty congratulation We have no recollection of of a first class in English scored by a student of the college in the past many years.

* * * * *

We welcome back to the college the several young men returned after completing their training in the Indian Defence Force at Trichinopoly. We have no doubt that the presence in the college of these young men who have actually undergone the training, will stimulate many others to join the Defence Force.

* * * * *

The solemnity of the Fourth Anniversary of the war was duly observed by a very impressive address by the Principal, recounting the significance of the war to the Empire and India, and exhorting his audience to contribute to the successful carrying on of the war, in the ways possible for them, whether by enlistment in the combatant or non-combatant forces, or buying war loan certificates and by praying. We are glad to mention that Baquir Hussain, a student of the college has proceeded to the front, in the Non-Combatant forces.

* * * * *

The situation of the Cauvery has always formed a feauture of considerble charm to the look of the college atmosphere. The Cauvery has been in full floods every

year by July but this year the prospect has been very disappointing. The river has been practically dry all through July, very unusual for many years. We are just getting some freshes, of the continuance of which however we have no assurance. Tbe want of water in the Cauvery has told disastrously on the district, all the first crop having perished.

* * * * *

The college has attracted this year the largest number of students on record, the total reaching 460. The Junior B. A. class numbers 98 forming a very inspiring assembly for lectures. A temporary common room has been erected under the shade of the trees for the use of the students when enjoying leisure.

The Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association.

Celebration of the College Day on the 30th March 1918.

This year's Old Boys' gathering came off as usual in the middle of Easter on the 30th of March. The grounds were decorated with flags and festoons and a fairly good number of old boys were present on the day. The gathering was however not as large in numbers as in the previous year. After dinner and card-playing the public part of the celebration began at about 4 in the evening when lunch was served to the guests. A tennis match was then played between the old boys and the present boys of the college represented by Messrs A. Subramaniya Iyer and Narasimha Chariar and Krishnamurthi and Srinivasan respectively. The present boys won by winning both the first two sets they played. The gathering then adjourned to the programme of speeches. The Principal in opening the proceedings reviewed the progress of the college during the year and referred to the extension in the buildings for which the government spent more than half a lakh of rupees, the formation of a boat club and the good behaviour of the students during periods of excitement. He then wound up by asking the audience not to accept the creed of the advocates of National education who went about preaching to the people to withdraw their youths entirely from government institutions. The old boys of the Kumbakonam College had obviously thought otherwise and had evidenced their ardent love of the *alma mater* by mustering together in numbers on the College day. Prof. B. Hanumantha Rao, an old boy of the Kumbakonam College, then stood up to welcome the president of the evening Mr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar. He mentioned that a curious connection had existed between the Tanjore District and the administrative officers in Mysore. The district, and especially Kumbakonam had supplied from time to time some of the ablest officers of the Mysore

service and one of them was Mr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar. The Chairman then delivered his address. He recounted a few incidents of the college life as he had known in his student days and also mentioned some of his teachers. Mr. Hanumantha Rao had been a terror to them all in their days. Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar concluded by expressing his fervent hope that the idea of a Tamil university in Kumbakonam once expressed by Sir Harold Stuart may become a real fact in the near future, The President then proposed the toast of the Kumbakonam College. Mr. P. Rajagopala Iyer M. A. responding to this toast spoke of the difference in ideals pursued by the educationists of the earlier and in later times. He spoke of the puritanic severity of the older teachers and it has naturally changed to something different at the present day. Mr. Rajagopala Iyer then proposed in his turn the toast of the old boys. Rao Bahadur N. Krishnasami Iyengar replying. said that his own understanding of the national education advertised abroad was very hazy and at any rate he could not feel bound not to promote the interests of the Kumbakonam College as best as he could. He took up the idea of a Kumbakonam university and exhorted the old boys to work towards its consumnation. Mr. Swaminatha Aiyer the Head-master of the Town High School then expressed his pleasure in associating himself with the proposing of the toast to the college staff. Mention had been made of the additions to the college building and of other various aspects in the progress of the college. But he wished to emphasise the great importance of the personnel of the staff in an educational institution. He pointed out how the work of the staff has enormously increased and grown hard in these days and how the present staff by keeping up the reputation of the institution deserved the highest credit.

Mr. L. A. Ganapathy Iyer B. A. lecturer in philosophy responding made a humourous speech. He said that he felt the college staff completely forgotten in the contempla-

tion on the college buildings, on the work of their young and energitic principal Mr. Statham who had built up a reputation as great as Mr. Porter in a much shorter space of time, and on the achievements of the students who go and win laurels in all kinds of sporting matches. Mr. Ganapathy Iyer then described the wide spread spirit of hero-worship which was prevalent in the earlier days when educationists were revered in all parts of the country. Mr. Metcalfe was remembered in Rajamundry, Dr. Miller, Mr. Powell and Mr. Thompson in Madras, Porter and Gopala Rao in Kumbakonam and Mr. Adamson in Trichinopoly In those days the level average culture among the public was comparatively low and a man who obtained the Bachelor's Degree was considered a great her. He said that he and his colleagues, though not pretending to the greatness of men like Porter or Gopala Rao were still trying to do their best for the college. He then spoke of an accusation that the present members of the staff were not devoting their attention to the formation of their students' character He refuted the assumption and pointed out the interdependant character of knowledge and character. He said that the work in the class-room was by no means an impossible means of training the character of young men. The pains and the earnestness which a teacher exhibited in his work were the most effective moral lesson to his students Character was not a handy thing carried in pockets or anything which depended solely on the demonstrative exchange of social convivialities in the play ground or else-where. Every little voluntary act of a man was an expression of character He then assured the old boys that he and his colleagues always welcomed additions to the strength of the college in the number of its students. A large number far from affecting them as troublesome was always a source of greater cheerfulness and inspiration. Mr. Seshadri of Mayavaram then proposed the toast of the guests in a funny speech and it was responded to by Mr. Pinto, Judge of small causes. The Principal then announced a donation of six-thousand and odd rupees given to the Association by Mr N. R. Iyer of Calcutta and of a scholarship of Rs 100 per annum instituted by Mr K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar to begin from next July. The Chairman then concluded the proceedings by expressing his pleasure in having been at the Day and thanking the Association for having invited him.

THE THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

OF

The Kumbakonam College Mathematics and Natural Philosophy Association,

FOR THE YEAR 1917—18.

President :—R. M. STATHAM ESQ., M. A

It is with great pleasure that the society records the progress of the current year under review. The number of student members has been great as usual. As for the honorary members, they have been kind and readily disposed to respond to the requests of the Society to lecture or to preside as occasion demanded.

The Managing Committee resolved that there should be twelve meetings in all. By way of realising the object of the society, a large majority of students took active parts in the several meetings. Out of the twelve meetings only four were assigned to lectures and out of these Mr. T. K. Hanumanta Rao's lecture had to be dropped on account of the removal of the chemical laboratory. The meetings were generally held in the second class hall except the first ordinary meeting conducted in the Chemistry lecture hall, with a view to facilitate experimental demonstrations. In addition to the arranged meetings, an extra-ordinary meeting was held to congratulate Mr. S. Ramanujam for his being elected as a fellew of the Royal Society, a much coveted honour. A business meeting of the general body and two committee meetings were held this year.

The Journal that the society maintains was started in the short term 1916—17 in order to stimulate the latent and inert capabilites of students This year it abounds with contributions in the shape of questions, puzzles etc. It is hoped that it will grow into a fountain source of inspiration to our students.

Financially also the society is well off this year. It has been suggested by Mr. T. K. Hanumanta Rao, to buy a photagraphic camera for the society. Last year our funds and war time did not allow the society to realise its object. Next year at any rate, the society will have the opportinuty of getting the camera

Balance of the previous year	Rs. 16—15—11
Subscription from the members	Rs. 21— 0— 0
Total Receipts ...	Rs. 37—15—11
Expenses for the year	Rs. 10— 0— 0
Balance	Rs. 27—15—11

Gentlemen, I have nothing more, to add except it be to thank the various gentlemen who took active part in the affairs of the society. The President of the society, but for whose genuine countenancing and sympathy the society could not have such a smooth course, cannot be sufficently thanked No less is the service rendered by the members of the managing committee. Mr. P. Rajagopala Iyer took it upon himself to get us Rao Bahadur K. Seshu Iyer Avl. Mr. K. S Patrachariar was equally helpful; nor can I forget Mr. S Balakrishna Iyer and his services for the society. The science lectures had been a source of great help and we are gratefully indebted to them for giving free access to the laboratry. I thank the student members of the committee who greatly aided me in business transaction. In conclusion, the society ardently hopes that more students will join it the coming year, that it will grow both in usefulness and attractiveness and achieve its aims and ideals.

P. Swaminathan,
Secretary.

கவிச்சக்ரவர்த்தியாகிய கம்பன்.

ஸ்ரீமான் தி. செல்வக்கேசவராய முதலியாரவர்கள் தமது திருவள்ளுவர் என்னும் வியாசத்தில் கம்பரும் திருவள்ளுவருமே தமிழ்க்குக் கதியென்று கூறியிருக்கிறார். இப்படித் தமிழ்க்குக் கதியாகிய கம்பரைப்பற்றிப் பேசயான் ஆற்றலில்லாதிருப்பினும் என்னிடம், உள்ள குறைகளைச் செந்தமிழ்வல்ல நண்பர்கள் திருத்துவார்கள் என்னும் தைரியத்துடன் என் சிற்றறிவுக்குத் தெரிந்தவாறு நமது செந்தமிழ்ச் சக்ரவர்த்தியைப்பற்றி சிறிது கூறப்புகுந்தேன்.

கம்பநாடரைப்பற்றி யறியக்கருவிகளாக விருப்பன தமிழ் நாவலர்சரிதமும், சோழமண்டலசதகமும் பாண்டிமண்டலசதகமும், இராமாவதாரச்செய்யுளிற்சிலவும், புலவர் புராணமும், சில தனிப் பாடல்களுமேயாகும். இவற்றைக்கொண்டு கம்பரைப்பற்றிச் சிறிது ஆராய்வோம்.

தமிழ் நாவலர் சரிதத்தில் கூறிய ஒரு செய்யுளின்படி கம்பர் பிறந்தவூர் திருவழுந்தூர்ஆகும். அச்செய்யுள் கீழ்வருமாறு:—

"கம்பன் பிறந்தவூர் காவேரி தங்குமூர்
கும்பமு னிசாபங்கு லைந்தவூர்—செம்பதுமத்
தாதகத்து நான்முகனும் தாதையும் தேடிக்காணு
ஓதகத்தார் வாழு **மழுந்தூர்**."

இதில் 4- ம் அடியில் இருக்கும் **மழுந்தூர்** என்பது திருவழுந்தூரைக்குறிக்கும். இவர் பிறந்தவூரையும் இவர் சாதியையும் குறித்த மற்றொரு செய்யுள் இராமாவதாரச் செய்யுளில் "கம்பரைப்பற்றிய தனியன்கள்" என்னும் தலையின் கீழ் விளங்குகிறது அதையும் கீழ்க் கூறியிருக்கிறேன்.

"நாரணன் விளையாட்டெல்லாம் நாரத முனிவன்கூற
வாரணக் கவிதைசெய்தான் அறிந்த வான்மிகியென்பான்
சீரணி சோழநாட்டுத் **திருவழுந்தூருவச்சன்**
காரணி கொடையான் கம்பன் தமிழினாற்கவிதைசெய்தான்."

இதனால் கம்பர் உவச்சர் அல்லது ஒச்சர்என்னும் சாதியைச் சேர்ந்தவர் எனப்புலப்படுகிறது. இச்செய்யுளில் **திருவழுந்தூர் உவச்சன்** என்று கூறப்பட்டிருப்பதால் அவர் திருவழுந்தூரிற் பிறந்தவரே எனப்புலப்படுகிறது.

இவர் தனது தந்தையைச் சிறுவயதிலேயே இழந்து வருத்தப்பட்டார். அப்போது திருவெண்ணெய் நல்லூரில் வாழ்ந்துவந்த சடையப்பவள்ளல் என்பவர் இவரையாதரித்துக் கல்விபயிற்றிவந்தார். ஆகையினால்தான் இவர்தன்னை ஒருவழிப்படுத்தியவள்ளலை இராமாவதாரச்செய்யுளில் இடையிடையே புகழ்ந்து பாடியிருக்கிறார்

இவ்விடத்தில் ஓர் சந்தேகம் நிகழ்கின்றது சோழமண்டலசதகத்தில் இவர்

"மானுகரன் **சங்கரன்சடையன்** வளஞ்சேர் சோழமண்டலமே." என்றும்,

"திளைக்கும் **திரிகர்த்தராய** னெனச்செப்பும் வரிசைத்திறஞ் சேர்ந்தோன்." ... என்றும்,

"புரந்தரதாரு **புதுவைச்சடையன்**
னிருந்தலியலூர்த்தெற்கு மேற்கு—"...என்றும்,
"தேமாலையச் சந்தவிர்ப்பான் **வெண்ணைத்திரிகர்த்தனையே**"
என்றும்,

"**சங்கரன்றநசடையனெ**ன் றெருதருமதேவதைவாழவே"
என்றும் கூறியிருப்பதனுல் இவ்விடம் கூறப்பட்டவன் 'சங்கரன் சடையனு' அல்லது புதுவைச்சடையனு அல்லது ,வெண்ணைத்திரிகர்த்தனு, அல்லது 'சங்கரன் தந்த சடையனு' என்னும் ஆசங்கைகள் நிகழ்கின்றன. ஆகையால் செந்தமிழ்நண்பர்களில் யாராவதுஎன் னுதவிக்குவரக் கோருகிறேன்.

மேற்கூறியவள்ளலதுபெயர் எதுவாகயிருந்தபோதிலும் கம்பர் இவ்வள்ளலைப்பற்றிமிகவும் மேன்மையாகக் கூறுகிறுர். இதைத் தமிழ்நாவலர் சரிதஆசிரியர்

"மெய்கழுவவந்து விருந்துண்டு மீளுமவர்
கைகழுவ நீர்போதுங்காவிரியே—பொய்கழுவும்
போர்வேள் சடையன் புதுவையான்
தன்புகழை யார்போற்ற வல்லாரறிந்து"

என்றுர், மேற்படி கல்விபயின்றதைச் சோழமண்டலசதகத்தில்

"பெற்றுவளர்த்தும் வித்தைதனைப்பேணிக்கொடுத்தும் பெயர் [கொடுத்தும்
பற்றவரும்பாலமுதளித்தும் பகைத்தவறுமைப் பயந்தீர்த்தும்
கற்றமுதனூற்றிருவழுந்தூர் கம்பன்தழையக் கருணைசெய் [தோர்
மற்றும் புலவோரையும் வாழவைத்தார் சோழமண்டலமே"

எனக் கூறியிருக்கிருர்.

அக்காலத்தில் இவர் கல்விபயின்றபோதுதான் ஸரஸ்வதீகடாக்ஷம் பெற்றுர் என்பர்' தனது உபாத்தியாயரது வைரபுரத்தில்இருக்கும் கம்பங்கொல்லையைக் காத்துக்கொண்டிருந்தபோது ஒருநாள் இவர் தூங்கிவிட்டார்என்றும் அப்போது அவ்வூரைக்காத்தகாளிங்கராயனது குதிரைவந்து கம்பைமேய்ந்துவிட்டதாகவும் அப்போது இவர்விழித்து அவ்விடமிருந்தகாளிகோவிலில் முறையிட்டதாகவும் அப்போதுஅவ்வம்மன் அவரதுநாவில் ஏதோ எழுதினதாகவும் அப்

போதேஅவர் அக்குதிரை யிறக்கப்பாடியதாகவும், இச்செய்திஉபாத்தியாயருக்குத்தெரிய அவர் வேண்டுகோளின்படி கம்பர்குதிரைமீண்டு வரப்பாடியதாகவும் இச்செய்தி குலோத்துங்கசோழனுக்குத் தெரிந்ததாகவும் அக்காலம்முதல் இவருக்குக் கம்பன்என்னும் நாமம்வழங்கினதாகவும் கர்னபரம்பரையாகக் கூறப்பட்டுள்ளது.

இவர்தெய்வவரம்பெற்றதும் சடையப்பவள்ளலைப்பற்றி,
“மோட் டெருமைவாவிபுக முட்டுவரால் கன்றென்று
வீட்டளவும் பால்சொரிந்த வெண்ணெயே—நாட்டி
லிடையா நெடுங்கதவும் அஞ்சலென்றசொல்லு
முடையான் *சாராமனூர்” என்றுபாடினர்.

பின்பு பல ஆண்டுகள் கழிந்ததும் இவர் சோழனது அவையில் வித்வான்களுக்கெல்லாம் தலைவராகி ‘கவிச்சக்ரவர்த்தி’ என்னும் பெயரையும் வகித்தார்.

இப்படிவாழ்ந்துவரும் சமயத்தில் இவருக்கு அம்பிகாபதி என்றோர் குமாரன் பிறந்தான். இவ்வம்பிகாபதியைப்பற்றி மற்றொரு வியாசத்திலெழுதப்படும்.

இவர் சோழனவையில் புகுந்தபின் நடந்த அதிசயம் ஒன்றுண்டு. ஒருகால் காவிரிகரை கடந்துபிரவகிக்க கம்பர் கீழ்வரும் கவியைப்பாட காவிரியின் பெருக்கடங்கியதுஎன்பர்.

“கன்னியழிந்தனள் கங்கைதிறம்பினள்
பொன்னி கரையழிந்து போனளென்—றிந்நீ
ருரை கிடக்கலாமோ வுலகுடையதாயே
கரை கடக்கலாகாதுகாண்.”

இவர் திருவொற்றியூரிலிருக்கும்போது வல்லியென்னும் தாசியையும் குரும்பையென்னும்தாசியையும் விழைந்ததாகக் கூறுவதுண்டு. ஆனல் அவற்றைப்பற்றிப்பேசுவது இவ்விடம் முறைதவறும்; ஆதலின் அவைகளைவிட்டு மேல் ஆராய்வோம்.

கம்பர் சோழனதவையில் பிரசித்திபெற்றிருந்தபோது சடையப்பவள்ளல் கம்பரது திறமையை, யெல்லோரும் அறியுமாறு சோழனையணுகிக் கம்பன் இராமாயணம் என்னும் இதிகாசத்தைத் தமிழில்பாட உத்திரவளிக்கவேண்டுமென்று பிரார்த்தித்தார். அங்ஙனமே சோழன் உத்திரவிட்டதுமல்லாமல் ஒட்டக்கூத்தரையும் பாடச்சொன்னன். ஒட்டக்கூத்தர் 7 காண்டங்களையும் முடிக்குந்தறுவாயில் கம்பர் தானும்பாட ஆரம்பித்து 6 காண்டங்களைப்பாடினர். அப்போது ஒட்டக்கூத்தர் கம்பராமாயணத்துக்குமுன் தன்ராமாயணம் நிற்காதென்று கருதித்தான் எழுதியவைகளைத்தெருவிலுட்

* சாராமனென்பது சடையப்பவள்ளலது ஒருபெயராகும்.

கார்ந்து கிழித்துக்கொண்டிருந்தார். அப்போது அவ்வழியேவந்த கம்பர்தான் 6-காண்டங்களை யெழுதியிருப்பதாகவும், ஒட்டக்கூத்தர் எழுதியதில் கிழித்த 6-காண்டங்கள்போக எஞ்சியதைத் தன் இராமாயணத்திற்கு உத்ரகாண்டமாகக் கொடுக்கும்படிவேண்ட கூத்தர் அப்படியே செய்தார்.

இனிக் கம்பர் எழுதிய இராமாவதாரச் செய்யுளில் 1000 பாட்டிற் கொருமுறை சடையப்பவள்ளலைப் புகழ்ந்திருக்கிறார். கம்பரது செய்யுளின்பாயிரத்தில்,

"கரைபொரு கண்டமேழு கதைகளாயிரத்தெண்ணூறு
பரவிய பாடைபத்துப்படல நூற்றைம்பத்தாறுள்.
உரைதருவிருத்தம் பன்னீராயிரத்து தொருபத்தாறு
வரமிகுகம்பன் சொன்ன வண்ணமு மெண்பத்தேழே"

என்றிருக்கிறது. இதில்கூறிய கணக்கு என் சிற்றறிவுக்கெட்டாததால் செந்தமிழபிமானிகளை இதன் விவரத்தைத் தெரிவிக்க வேண்டுகிறேன்.

இவ்விராமாயண விஷயத்தைப்பற்றிய இன்னொருவிஷயமும் சந்தேகத்தைத் தருகிறது. சிறப்புப்பாயிரப் படலத்தில்,

"தொடைநிரம்பிய தோமறு மாக்கதை
சடையன் வெண்ணெய் நல்லூர் வயிற்றந்ததே."

என்று சொல்லி இருக்கிறார். ஆகையால் இது திருவெண்ணெய் நல்லூரில் பாடப்பட்டதென விளங்குகிறது. ஆனால் கீழ் வரும் தனிப்பாடலில்

"ஒற்றியூர்க்காக்க வுறைகின்ற காளியே
வெற்றியூர்க் காகுத்தன் மெய்ச்சரிதை—பற்றியே
நந்தா தெழுதற்கு நல்லிரவின் மாணுக்கர்
பிந்தாமற் பந்தம்பிடி."

என்றிருக்கிறது. இப்பாவினால் இராமாயணம் திருவொற்றியூரில் பாடப்பட்டதாகத் தெரிகிறது. ஆதலால் இவ்விருபாவிலில் ஒன்று குற்றமுடைத்தாயிருக்கவேண்டும். அல்லது திருவெண்ணெய்நல்லூருக்கு ஒற்றியூர் என்ற மற்றொரு பெயருண்டா? இதையும் விளக்கும் நேயர்களுக்கு நான் மிகவும் கடமைப்பட்டிருப்பேன்.

மற்றும் கம்பர் பகல் முழுவதும் அத்யாத்மம், போதாயனம் என்னும் நூல்களையறிந்த அறிவாளிகளுடன் ஆராய்ந்து இராமுழுவதும் 700 பாடல்களாகப் பாடிவந்தரர் என்றும் அப்போது ஒற்றியூர்க் காளிகாதேவி விளக்குப்பிடித்தாள் என்றும் முற்கூறிய செய்யுள் விளக்குகின்றது.

நிற்க, இவர் இராமாயணததை ஸ்ரீரங்கததில் அரங்கேற்றினர் இதுதான்.

"கண்ணியவரங்கர்முன்னே கவியரங்கேற்றினனே"

என்று கூறப்பட்டிருக்கிறது. அப்போது ஸ்ரீரங்கநாதர் கம்பரை நம்மாழ்வாரைப் பாடச்சொன்னதாகவும் அக்கட்டளையைச் சிரமேற் கொண்டு கம்பர் சடகோபரந்தாதிபாடியதாகவும் சொல்லுகிறார்கள்'

கம்பர் இராமாயணம் அரங்கேற்றியது 'பங்குனியத்தநாளிலா, அல்லது '**பங்குனியுத்திரத்திலா**' என்று ஓர் கேள்வி நிகழ்கிறது அநேக காரணங்களால் இது 'உத்திரம்' என்றேற்படும். ஏனெனில் பங்குனி உத்தரமானது அவனது கலியாண தினமாகக் கடிமணப் படலத்தில்

"பங்குனியுத்திரமா மையற்போது" என்றுனவ சிறப்பித்துக் கூறப்பட்டிருத்தலால் இது பங்குனியுத்திரமென் றேற்படுகிறது.

கம்பர் இராமாயணம் தவிர அநேக நூல்கள் செய்திருந்த போதிலும் அவருக்கு வந்துற்ற பெருமையெல்லாம் இராமாயணத் தினலேயேதான் இவர்செய்த மற்ற நூல்கள் சடகோபரந்தாதி, ஸரஸ்வதியந்தாதி, ஏரெழுபது, சிலையெழுபது, திருக்கை வழக்கம் என்பனவாகும்.

செந்தமிழ்ப் பத்திராசிரியராகயிருந்த ஸ்ரீமான் ரா. ராகவை யங்காரவர்கள் 'காரணி கொடையான் கம்பன்' என்றும் 'கம்ப நாடுடைய வள்ளல்' என்றும் சொல்லியிருப்பதால் கம்பரை ஓர் பேருபகாரி என்று சொல்லுகிறார். இதற்கு மாறுக ஒன்றும் சொல்லக்கூடாத போதிலும் இதற்குக் காரணம் என்னவென்று ராய்ந்தால் இவர் இப்பேருலகத்திற்கு இராமாவதாரச் செய்யுளைக் கொடுத்ததே இவரது வள்ளற்றன்மையை நன்கு விளங்குகிறது.

கடைசியாக இவருக்கும் சோழனுக்கும் இடையே சில சச்சர வுகள் உண்டானதாகத் தெரிகின்றது. இதற்குக் காரணம் எவை யென்று கவனிப்போம்.

முதலாவது, இவர் இராமாயணத்திலும் மற்ற இடங்களிலும் சடையப்பவள்ளலை மிகவும் சிறப்பாகப்பாடி வந்தது சோழனுக்கு வள்ளலிடம் முன்னமேயே இருந்த அழுக்காற்றை விருத்தி செய்தது. ஆகையால் இவன் கம்பரை அசட்டைசெய்து தன் தந்தையின் சமஸ்தான வித்வானகிய ஒட்டக்கூத்தரை அதிகமாகப் பாராட்டினன். இதனுல் கம்பர் இவனிடம் சிறிது வெறுப்புக் கொண்டார், இதனுல் சிறிதுகாலம் இவர் சோழநாட்டைவிட்டு பிரதாப ருத்திரன் ஆண்டுவந்த ஓரங்கல் நாட்டில் வசித்துவந்தார். அப்போது பிரதாபருத்திரன் கம்பர் வேண்டுகோளின்படி கம்ப

ருக்கு அடைப்பக்காரனுக வந்ததாகவும் கூறப்படும். இது எவ்வா றுயினும் கம்பாது, காலத்தையறிய இவ்விஷயம் கருவியாயிருத்தல் பற்றி இதை இவ்விடம் கூறினேன்.

மற்றும் அம்பிகாபதி முறை தவறிச் சோழன் மகள்மீது நட்பு பாராட்டியதால் சோழன் அம்பிகாபதியை விளித்து அவர், சிற் றின்பக் கலப்பின்றி 100 பாடல்கள் பாடினுல் தன் மகளை மணக்க லாம் என்றும் இன்றேல் அவர் தலையை இழக்கவேண்டுமென்னும் சொன்னுன். இவ்வண்ணம் அம்பிகாபதி 99 பாடல்கள் பாடி கடைசிபாட்டில் ஞாபகமின்றி சிற்றின்பக் கலப்பு செய்ததால் அவர் தலையை யிழக்க நேரிட்டது. இது நேர்ந்ததும் கம்பர் சோழன் அவைக்குப் போவதை நிறுத்திவிட்டார். தன் மகள் கற்பையழித்தவனைக் கொன்ற சோழன் இதேமாதிரி மற்றொரு விஷயத்தில் செய்யவில்லை: கம்பருக்குக் காவேரி என்றோர் அழ கிய மகள் இருந்தாள். சோழன் மகன் அவளை அவள் இஷ்ட மின்றி கற்பழிக்க, அவள் கம்பங்குழியில் வீழ்ந்திறந்தாள். இதனுல் கம்பருக்கு சோழனிடமிருந்த விரோதம் மிகவும் முற்றிற்று.

ஆனுல் சோழனே, கம்பரிடம் விரோதமும் பயமும் அடைந்து அவருடன் பொய் நட்பு பாராட்டி அவரைக் கொல்ல சமயம் பார்த் திருந்தான். ஒருநாள் கம்பர் தனதரண்மனைக்கு வருவதை யறிந்து சோழன் கடை வாயிலில் ஓர் புலியைக்கட்டிவைத்துக் கம்பரைக் கொல்ல ஏற்பாடு செய்திருந்தான். கம்பர் அவ்விடம் சென்றதும் அப்புலி அவர்மீது பாய்ந்தது. உடனே அவர்,

"வெங்கண்சிவந்து வெடிவால்முறுக்கி வெகுண்டெழுந்தன்
அங்கம்பிளக்க வரும்புலியே யன்றி ரணியனைப்
பங்கம் படப்பட வள்ளுகிராலுரம் பற்றியுண்ட
சிங்கமிருப்பதுகாண் கெடுவாயென்றன் சிந்தையுள்ளே."

என்றுபாட அப்புலி கீழே வீழ்ந்திறந்தது.

இதைமேல்உப்பரிகையிலிருந்து பார்த்துக்கொண்டிருந்தசோழன் உடனே ஓரம்பெய்து கம்பரைக் கொன்றுன். அப்போதுகம்பர்,

"வில்லம்பு சொல்லம்பு மேதகவே யானுலும்
வில்லம்பிற் சொல்லம்பே வீறுடைத்து—வில்லம்பு
பட்டுருவிற் றென்னைமேன் பட்டாம்பு நின்குலத்தைச்
சுட்டெரிக்குமென்றே துணி."

என்றுசபித்துவிட்டிறந்தார், இறக்கும்போதும் இவர்தன்னையாத ரித்த சடையப்பவள்ளலை மறந்தாரில்லை. இவர் இறந்ததைப்பற்றிச் சோழன் அவையிலிருந்த புலவர்களெல்லாம் ஆற்றொணுத்துக்கம் கொண்டாடினுர்கள். இச்சாபம் எதுவரைக்கும்நிச்சயமென்று ஆரா யப்புகுந்தால் இவ்விடம்பெருகும்.

C. V. KRISHNAMOORTHI RAO.

Mahamahopadyaya RANGACHARIAR.

THE KANARE PRESS, MADRAS, 1.